HARMONIA SACRA:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

ANTHEMS, CHORUSES, TRIOS, DUETS, SOLOS, AND CHANTS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, FROM THE MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS,

AND ADAPTED TO THE

OPENING AND CLOSING OF PUBLIC WORSHIP,

DEDICATIONS, INSTALLATIONS, THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS,

AND FOR SINCING SOCIETIES AND SOCIAL CIRCLES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH SERVICE.

BY EDWARD L. WHITE AND J. E. GOULD.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.,



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277 WASHINGTON STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

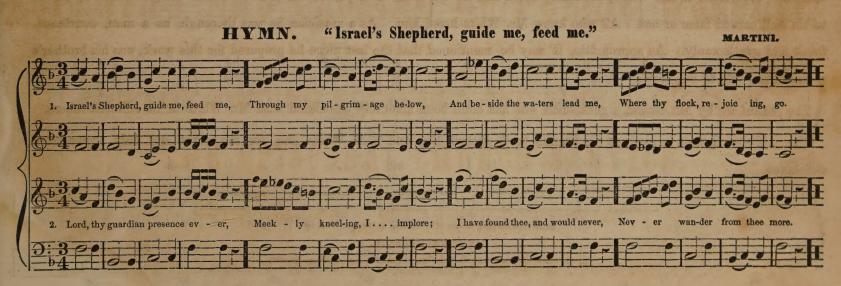
The want of a selection of Pieces of moderate length for the opening and closing of service, and for special occasions, having long been felt, the late lamented Edward L. White, was induced to prepare the present work. The well known taste and experience of Mr. White, peculiarly fitted him for the task. The public will decide whether this, his last work, adds to his well earned fame or not. All who knew Mr. White loved him. As a musician he was thorough, as a man, courteous, frank and gentlemanly. As appropriate, it may be mentioned that the last piece he prepared for this work, was his brother's composition, "Go to the grave."

The chants are by Mr. Gould, a gentleman who has often been favorably associated with Mr. White in his editorial labors.

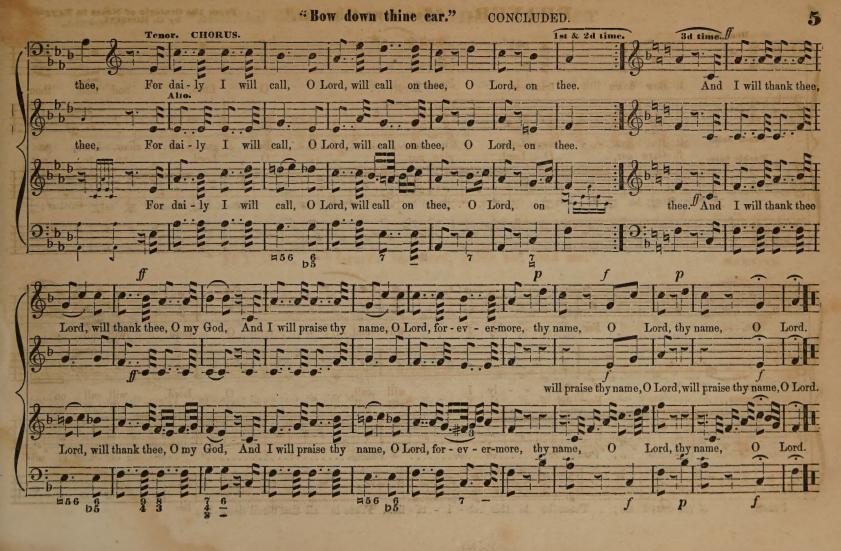
The publisher desires to express his thanks to T. Bissell, Esq. and T. B. White, Esq. for important and duly appreciated assistance.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by OLIVER DITSON,

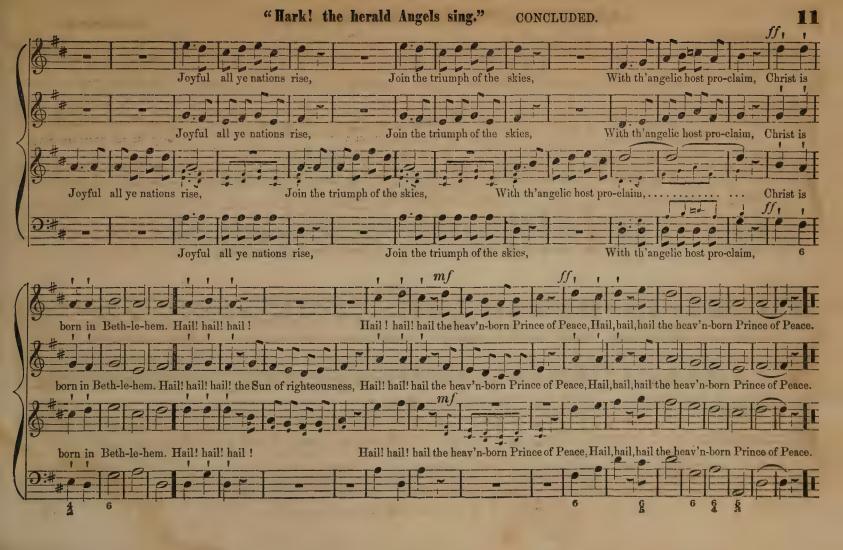
HARMONIA SACRA.









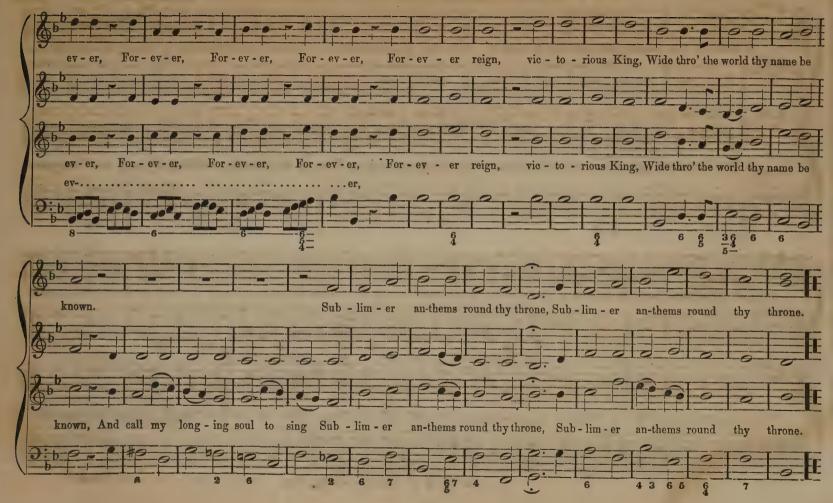


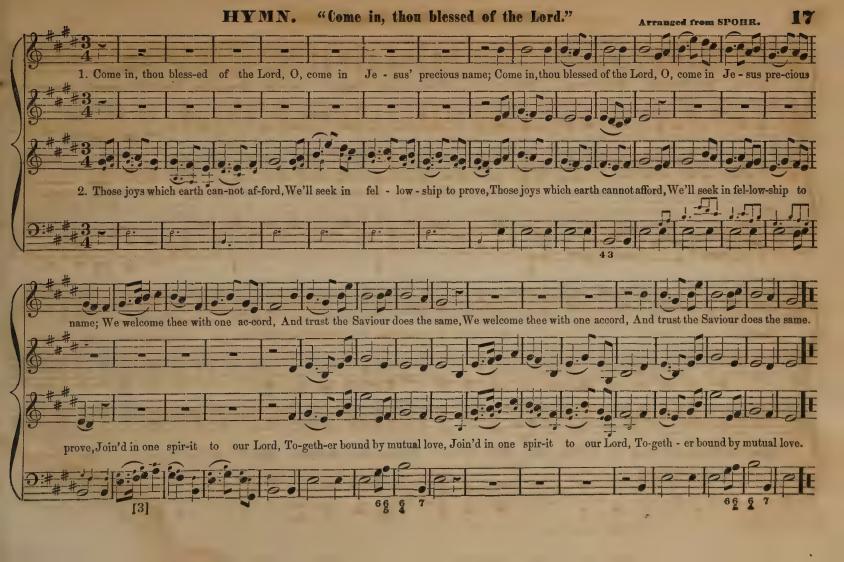






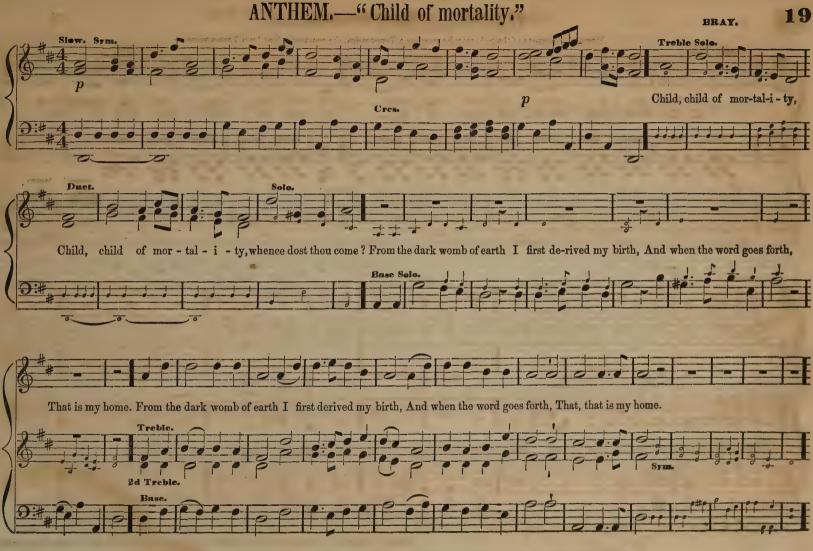




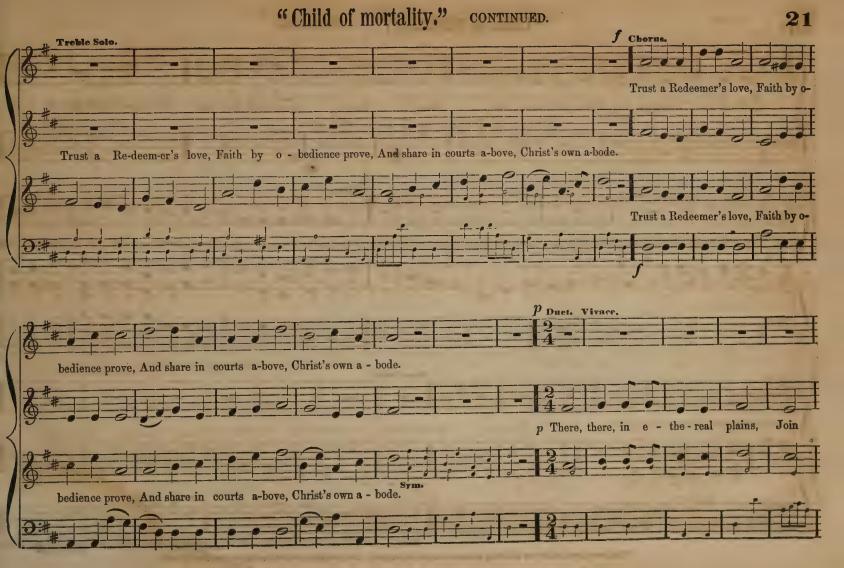




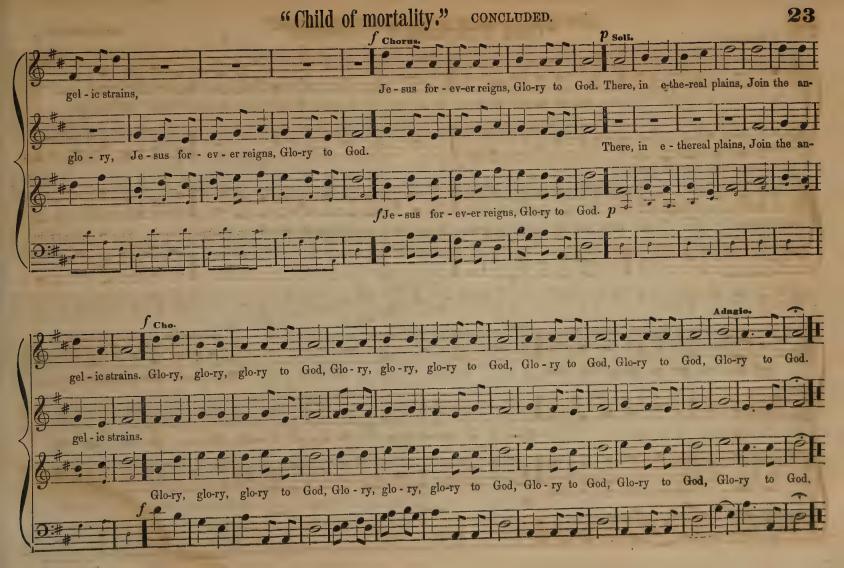




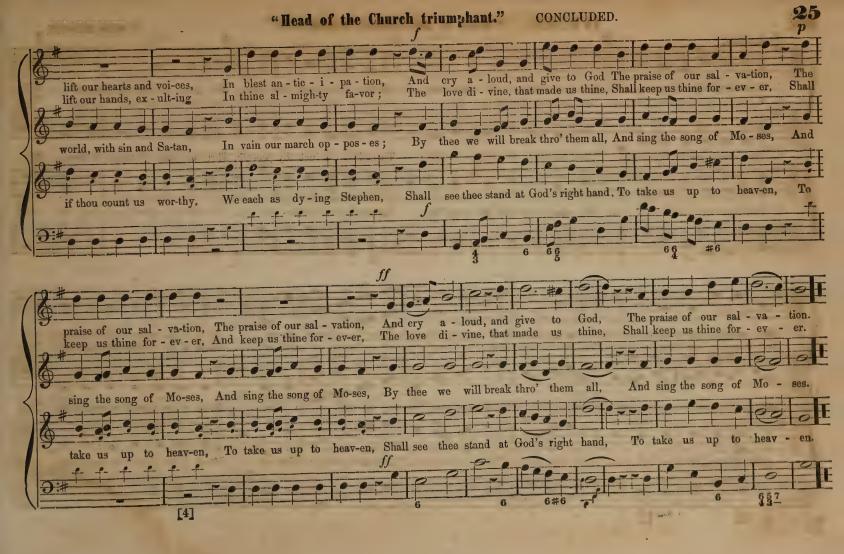




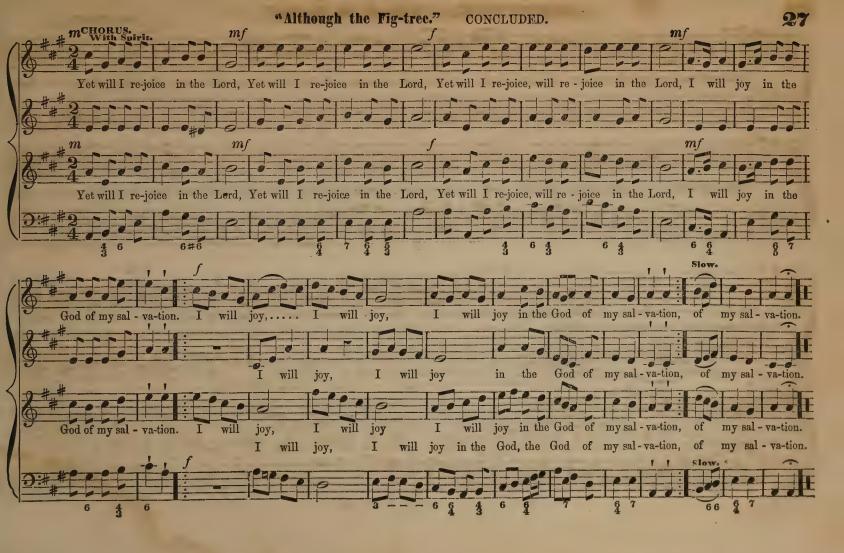
















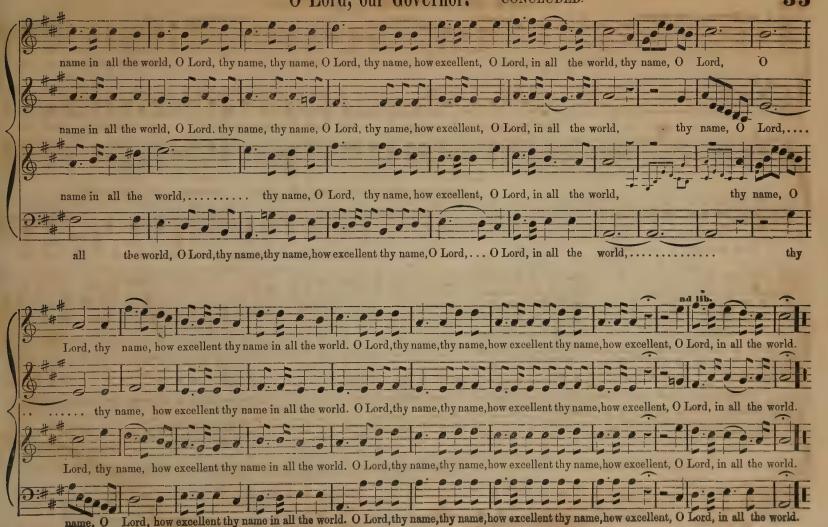






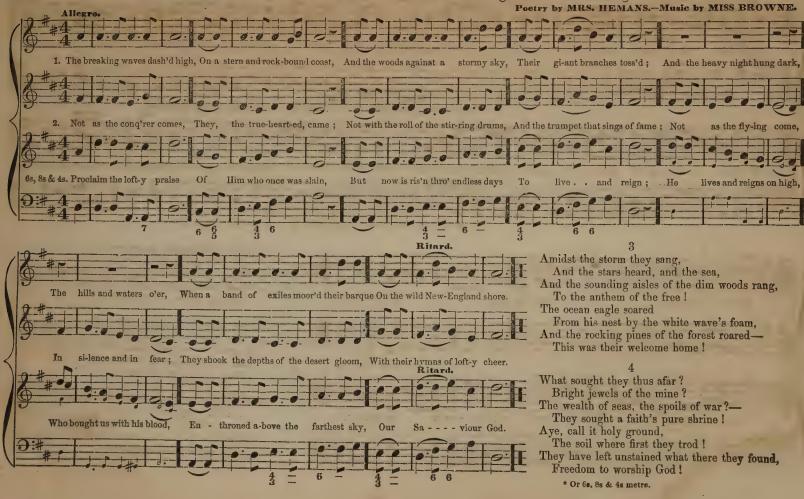


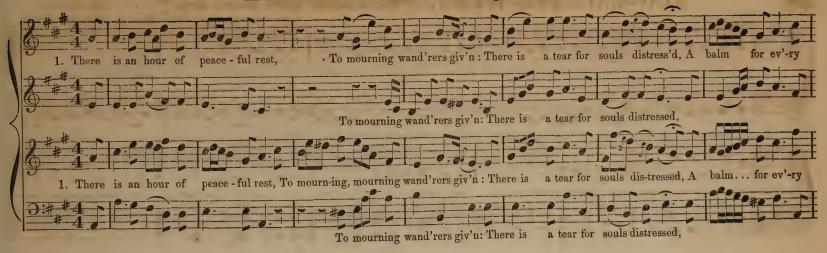


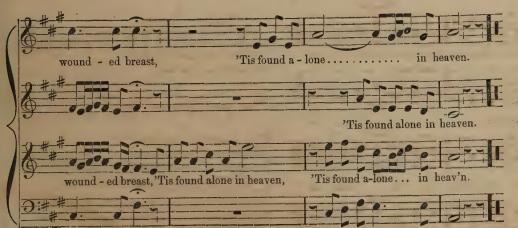




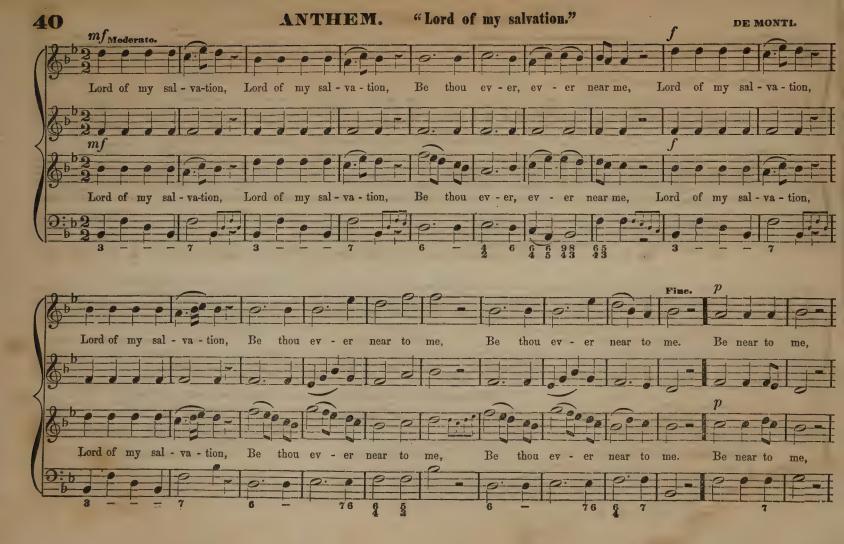




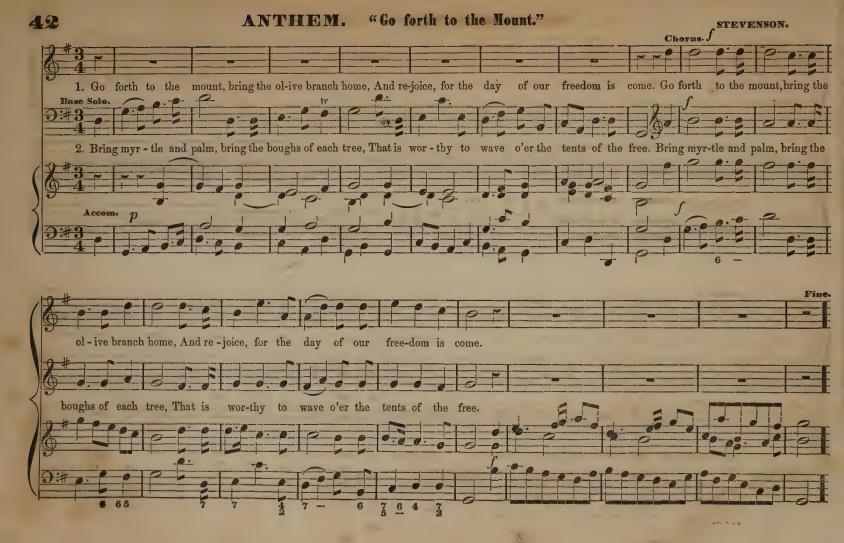




- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn—of heaven.



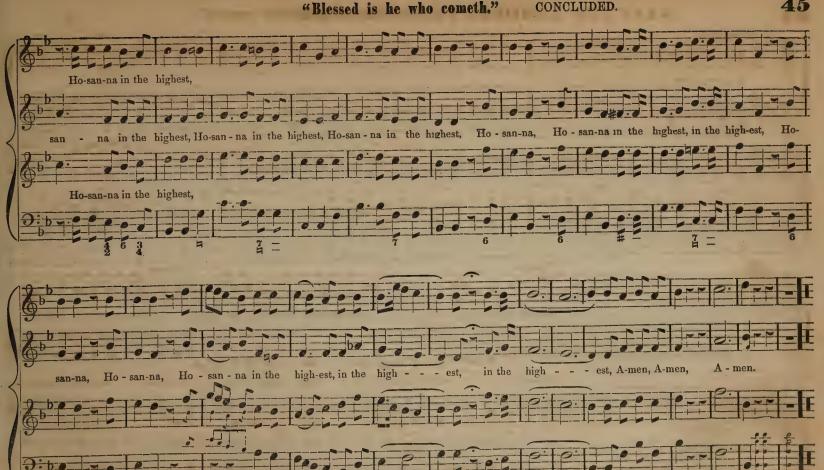




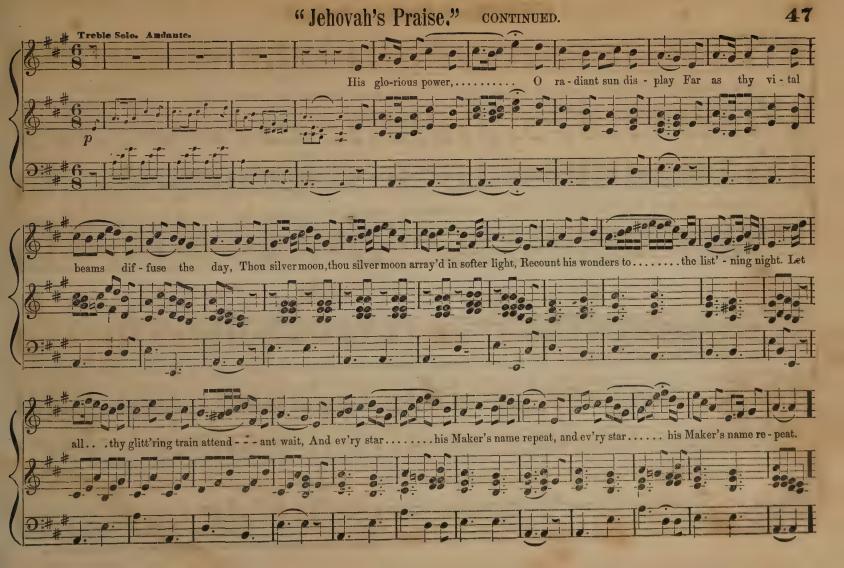


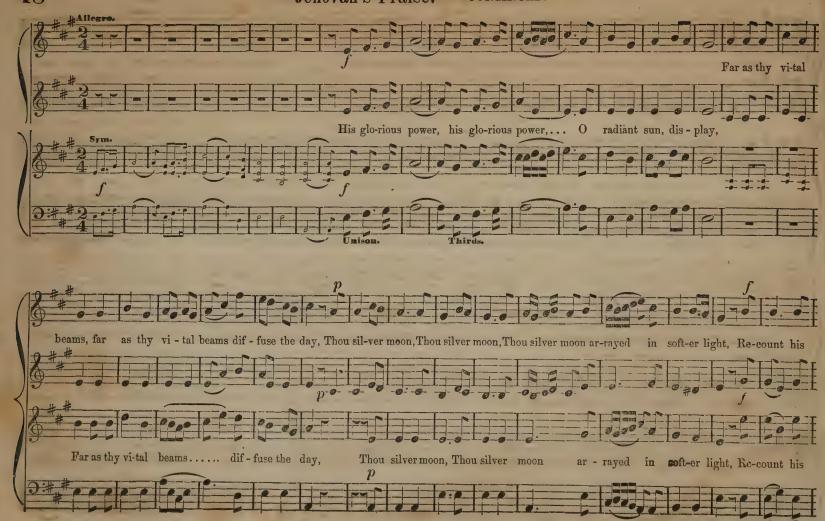


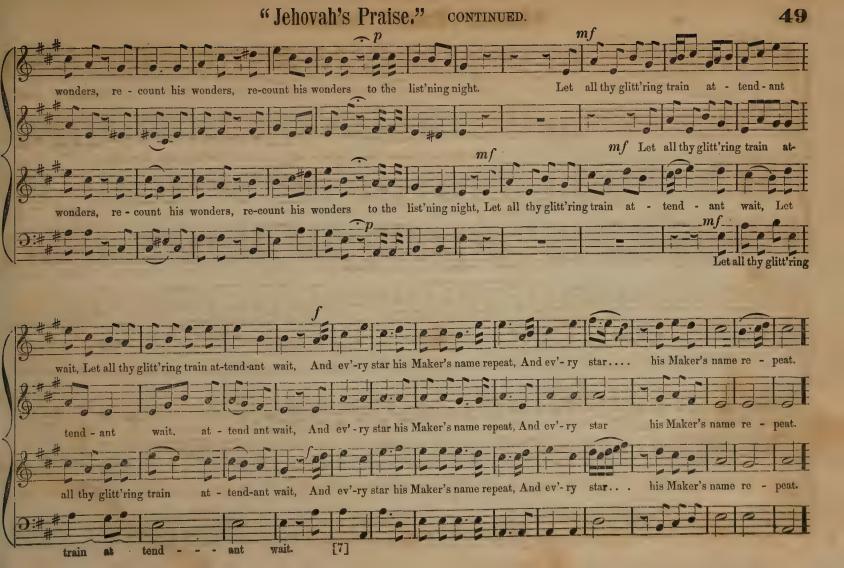


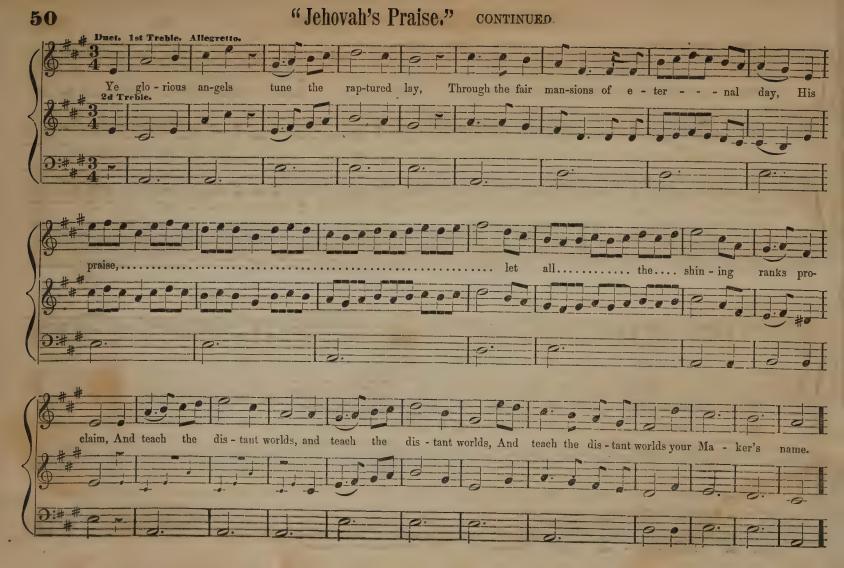






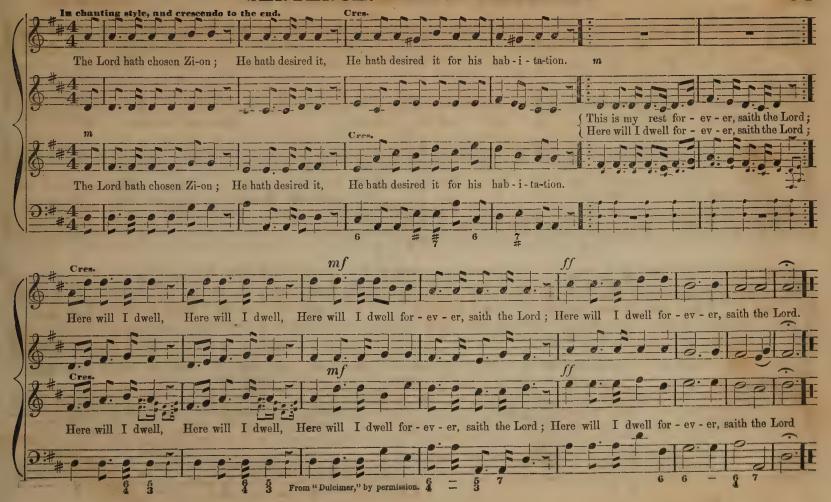




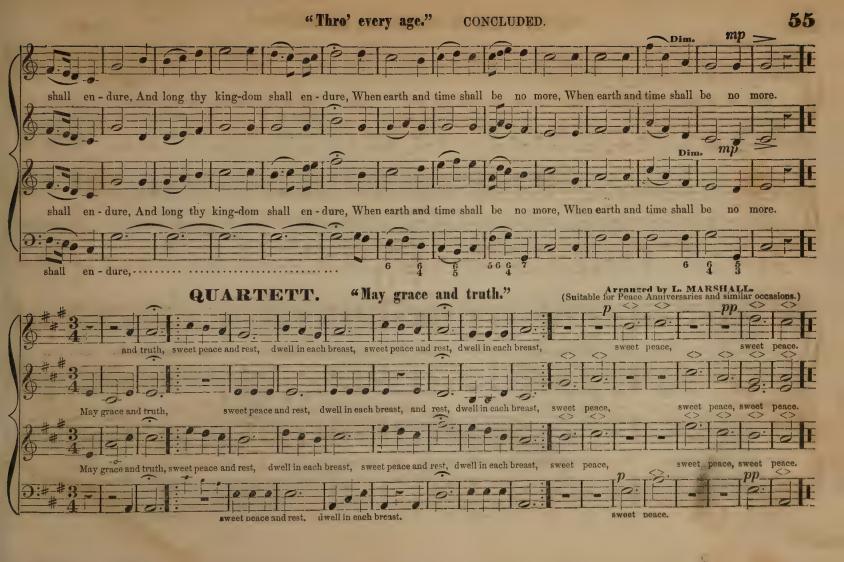


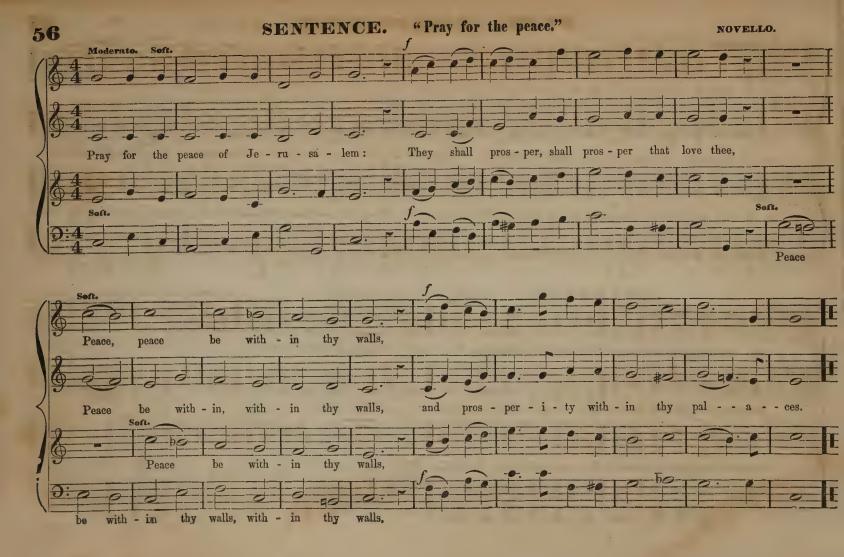






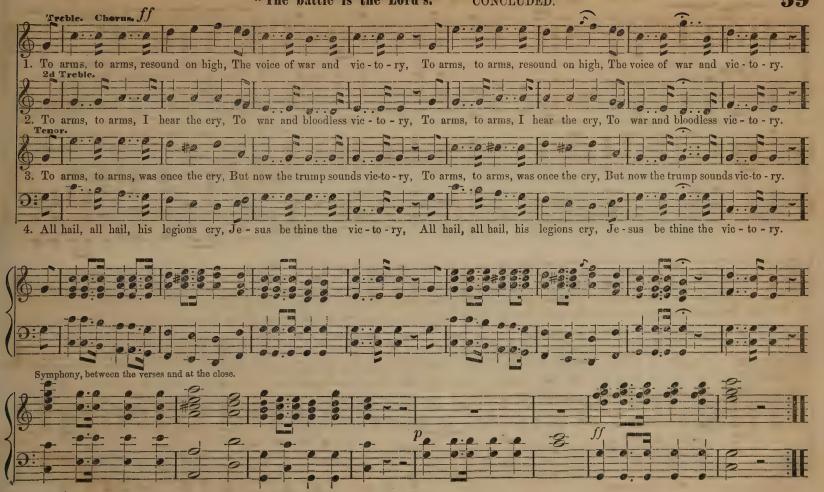






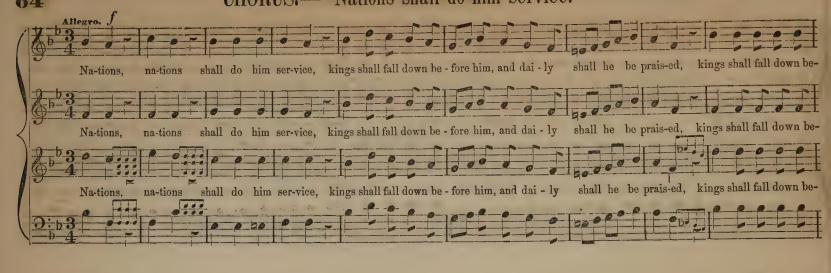


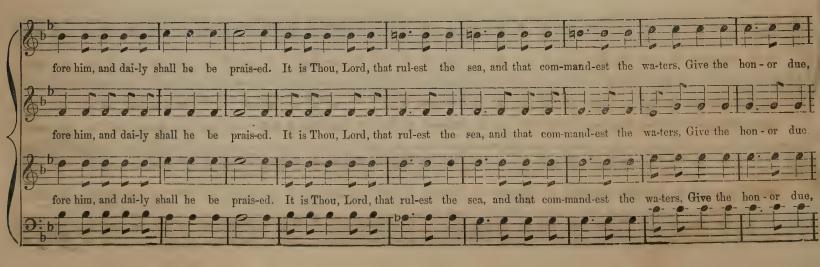






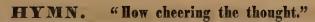




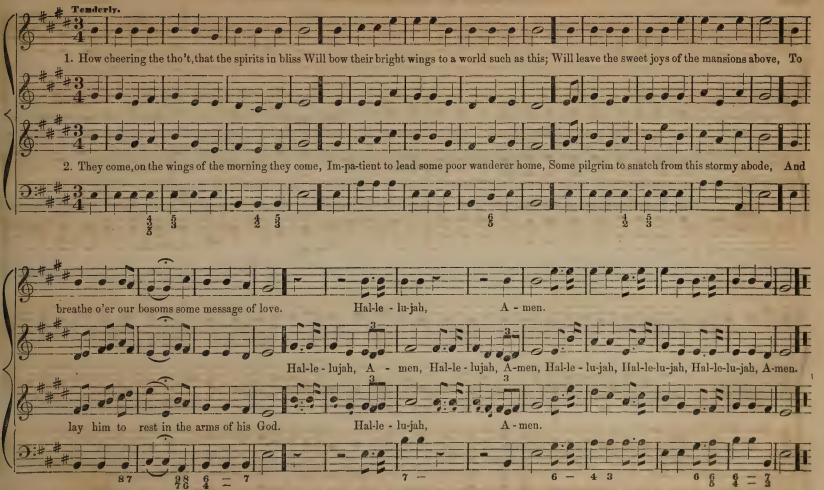


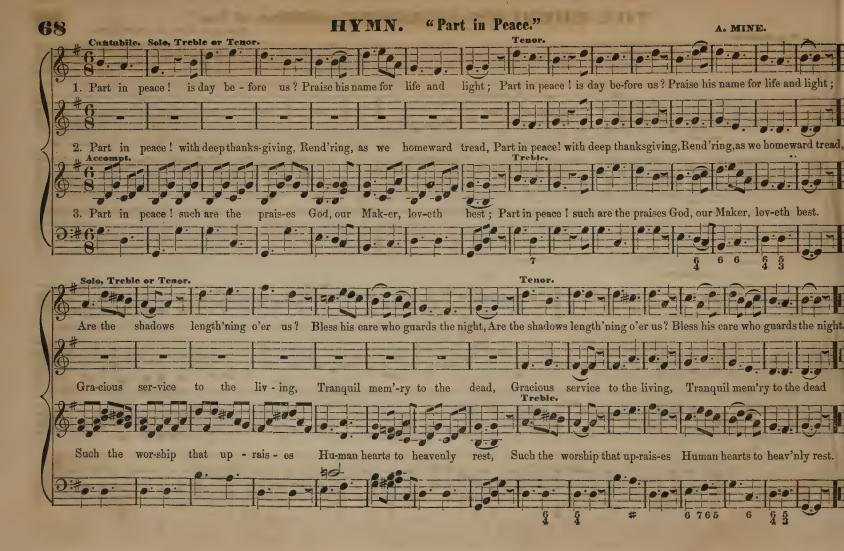




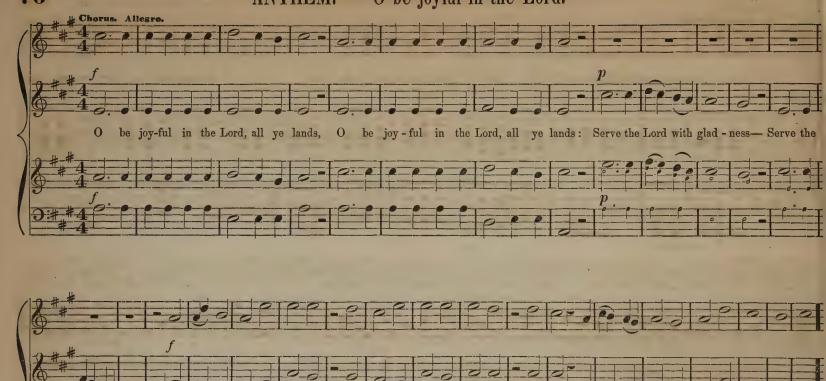




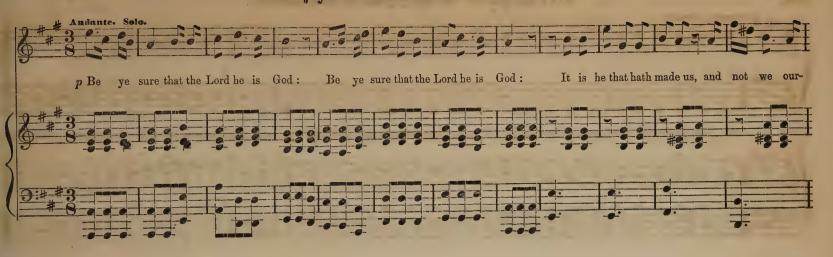


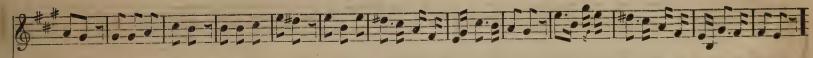






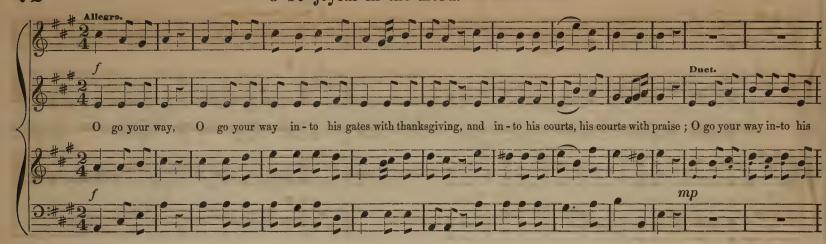
Lord with glad-ness, and come be-fore his pres-ence, And come be-fore his pres-ence with a song.

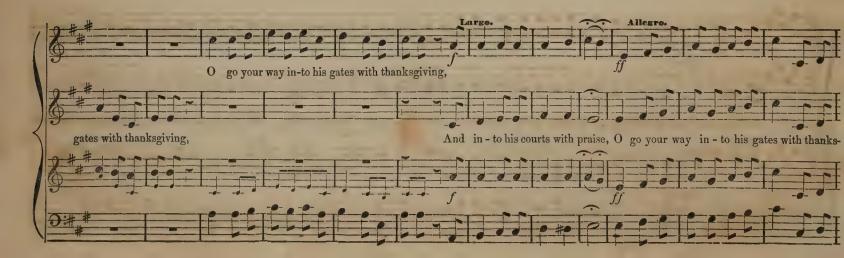


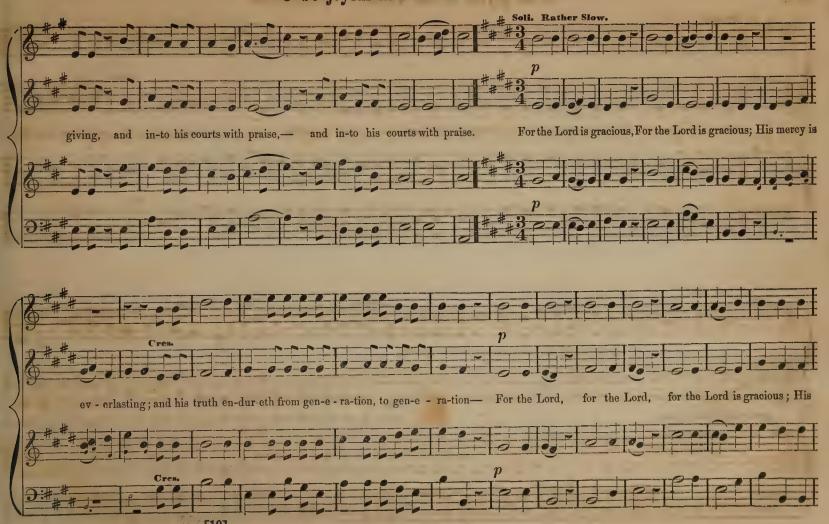


selves; we are his people— we are his people, we are his people and the sheep of his pasture, we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.





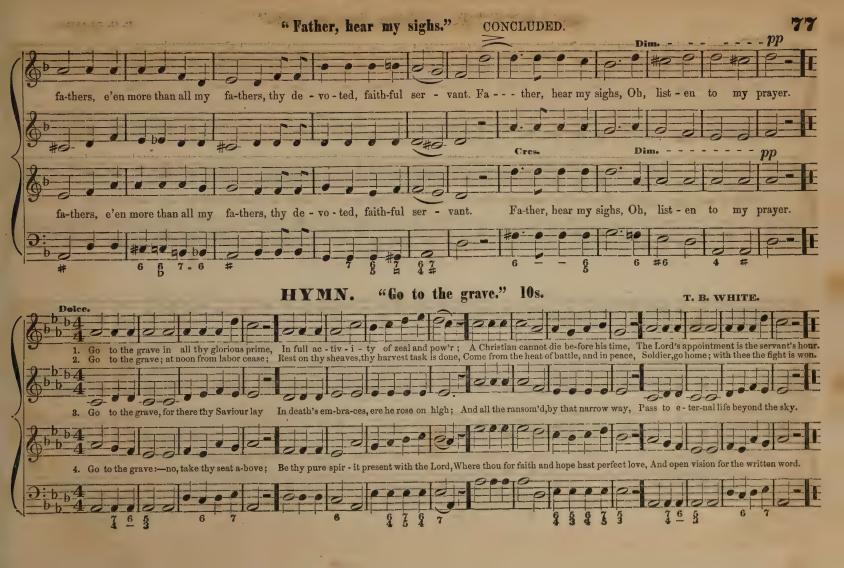


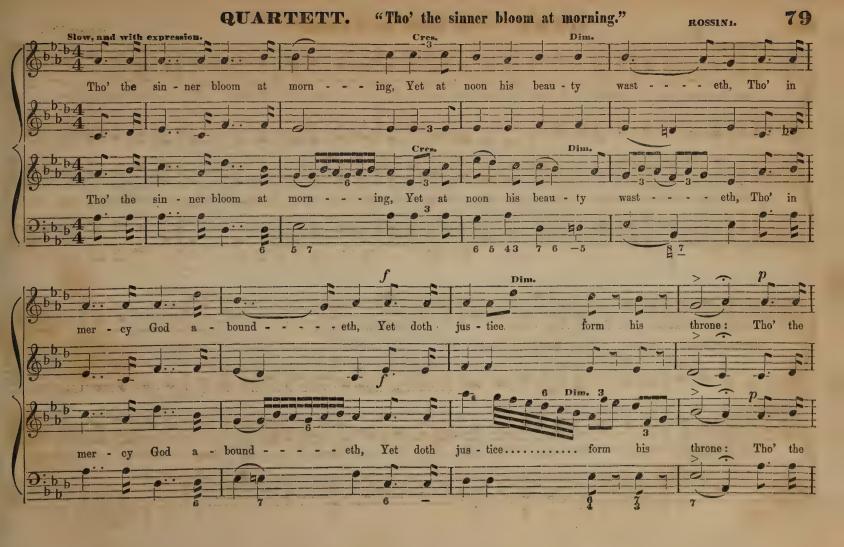


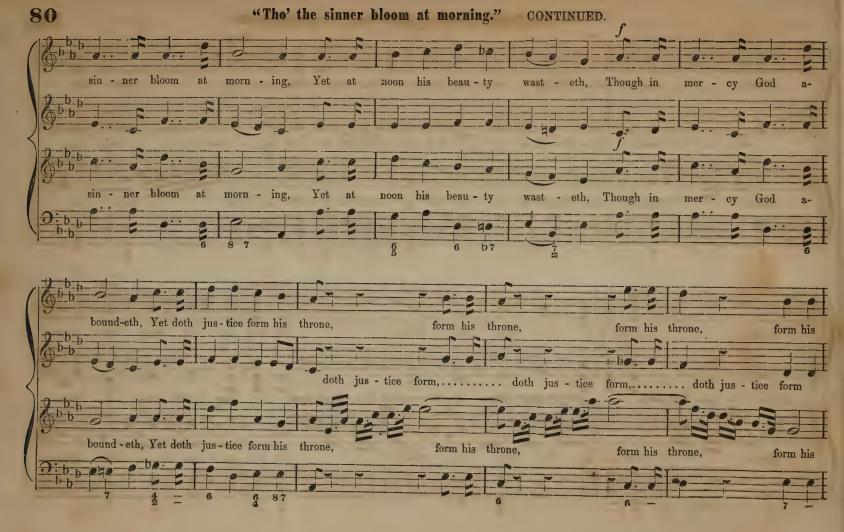








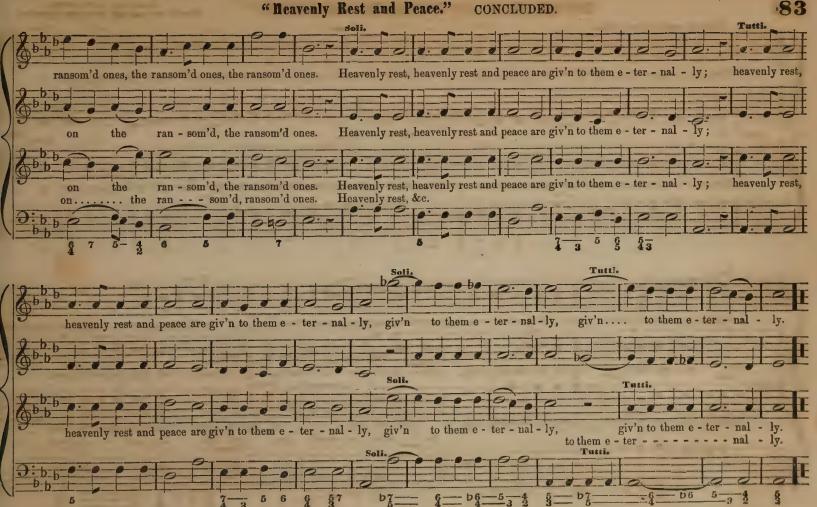


















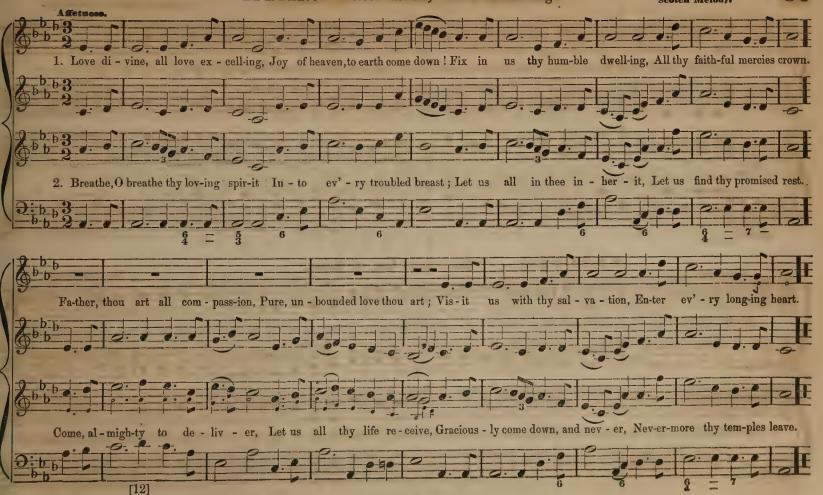


Who is this King of



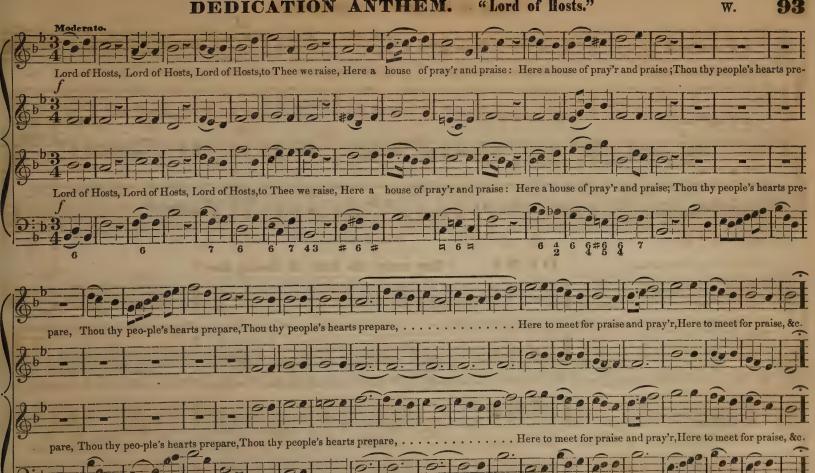










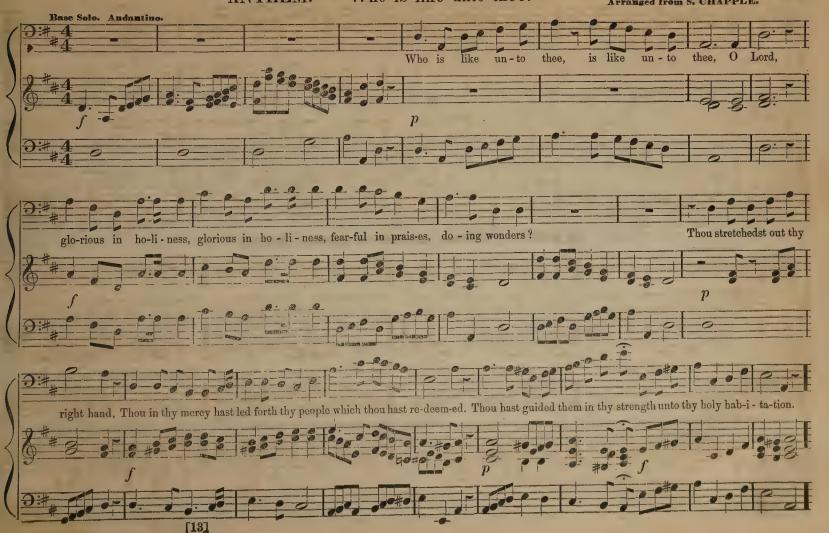


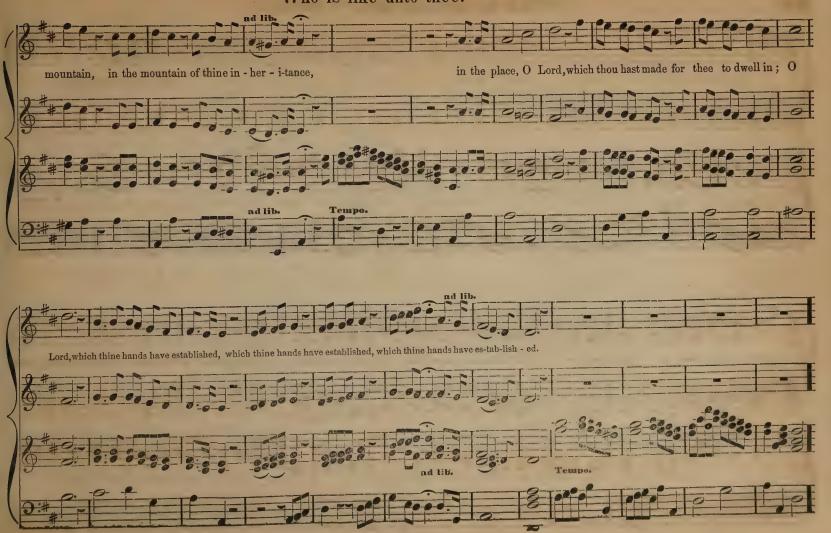
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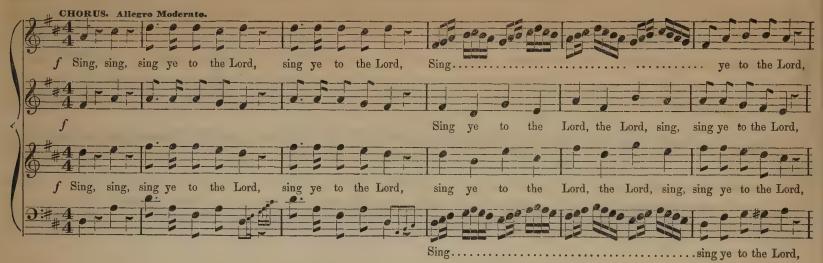


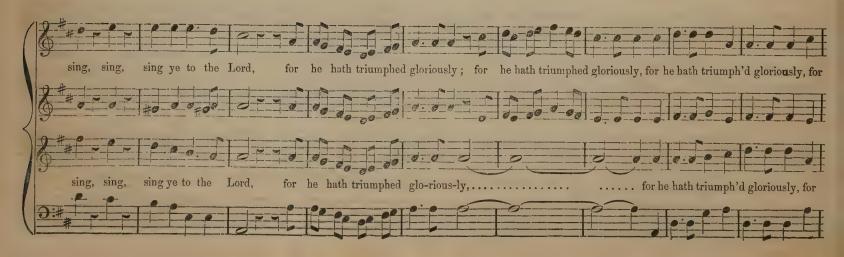










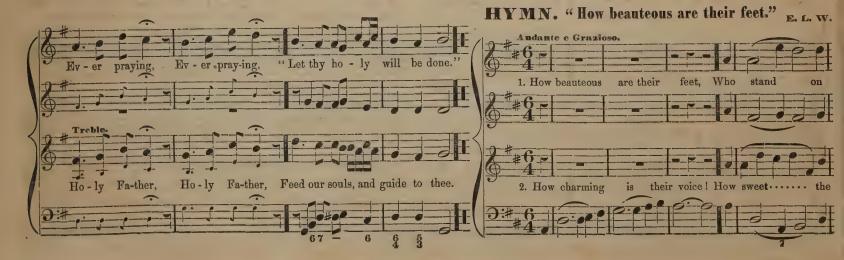


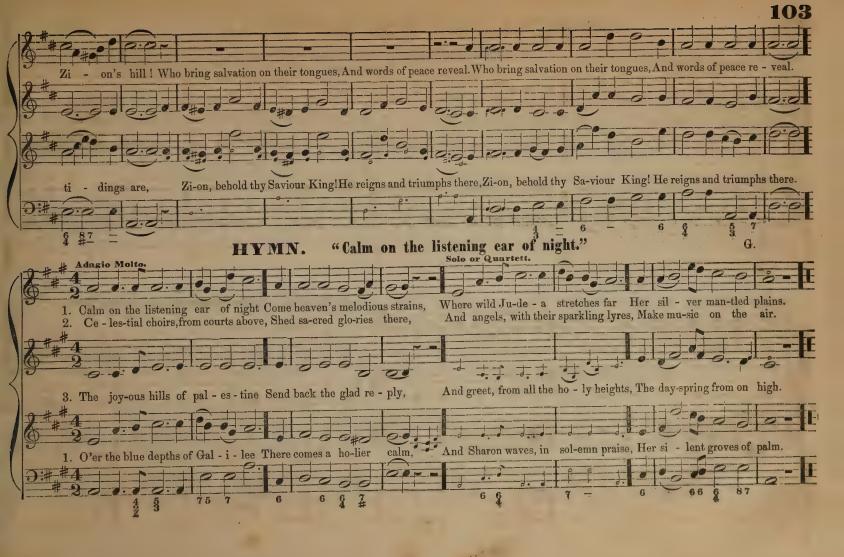


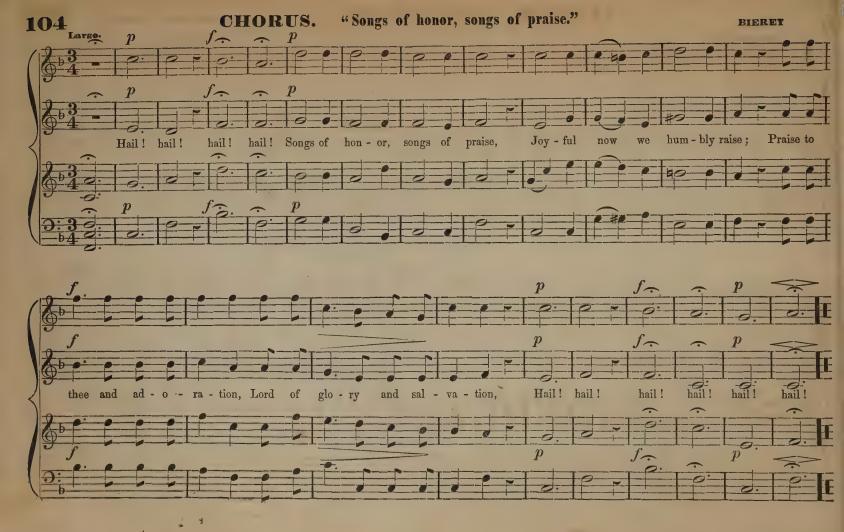
HYMN. "Holy Father, we adore thee." 8s, 7s & 4.

Words written expressly for this work, by REV. J. PIERPONT.







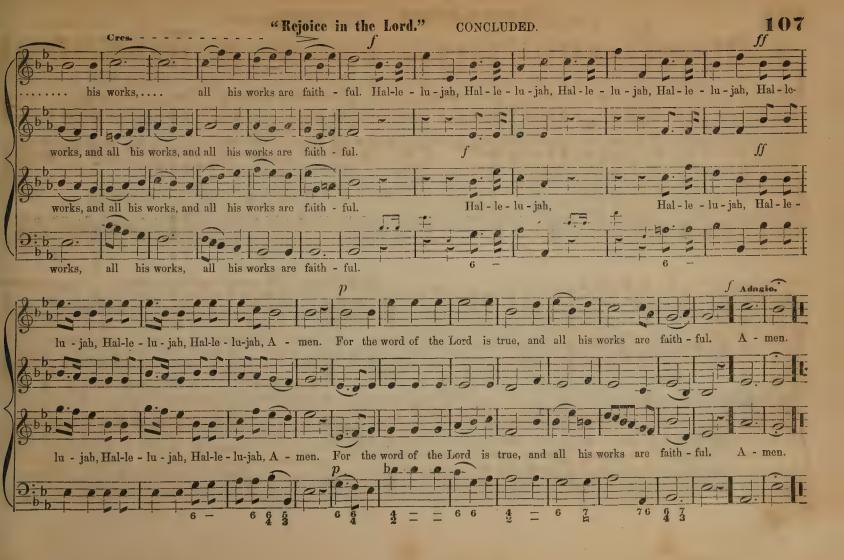


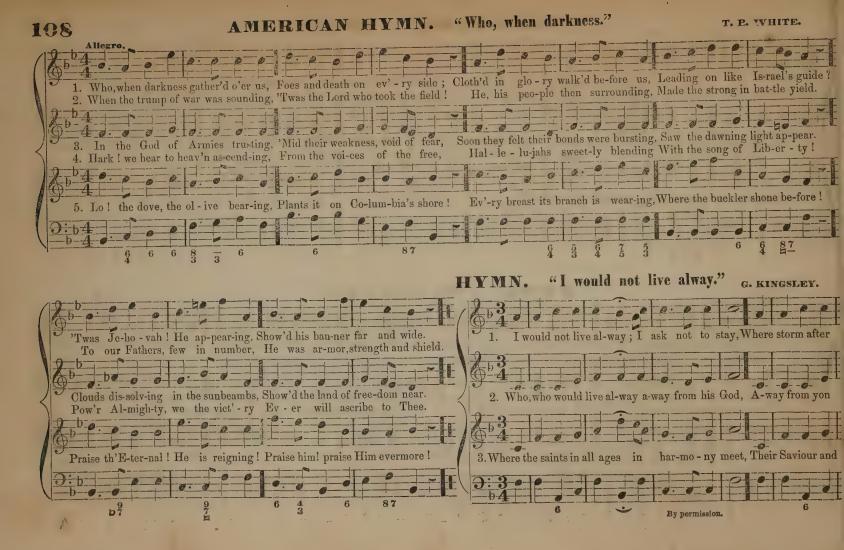
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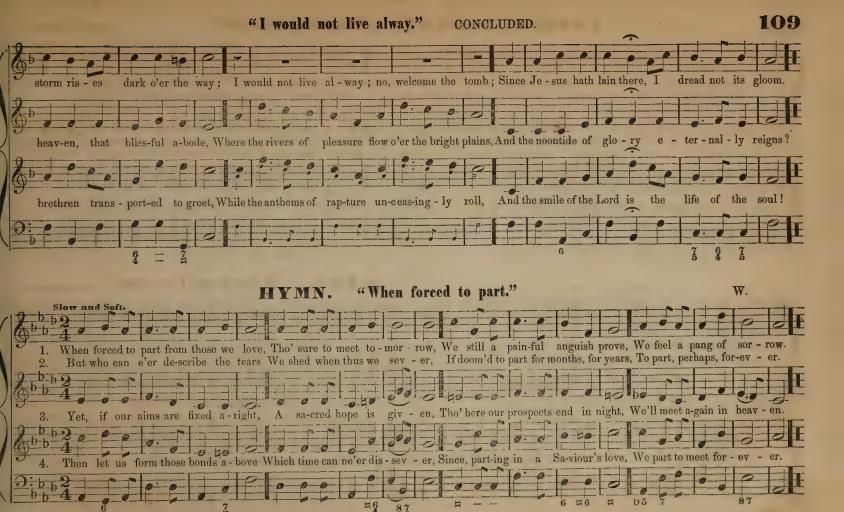


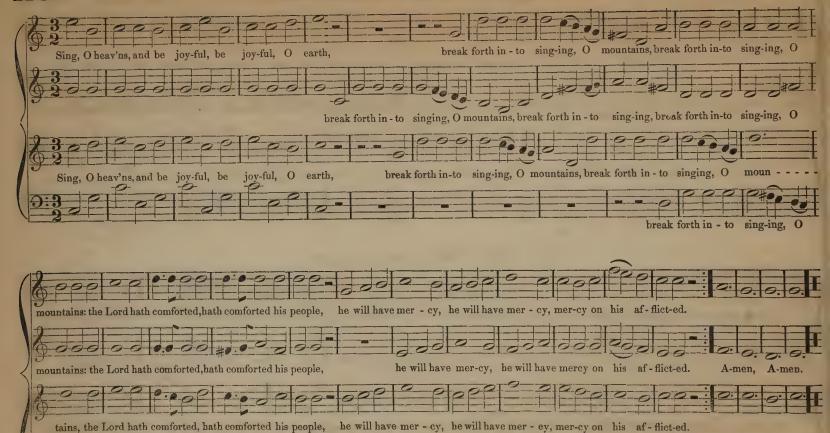
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,









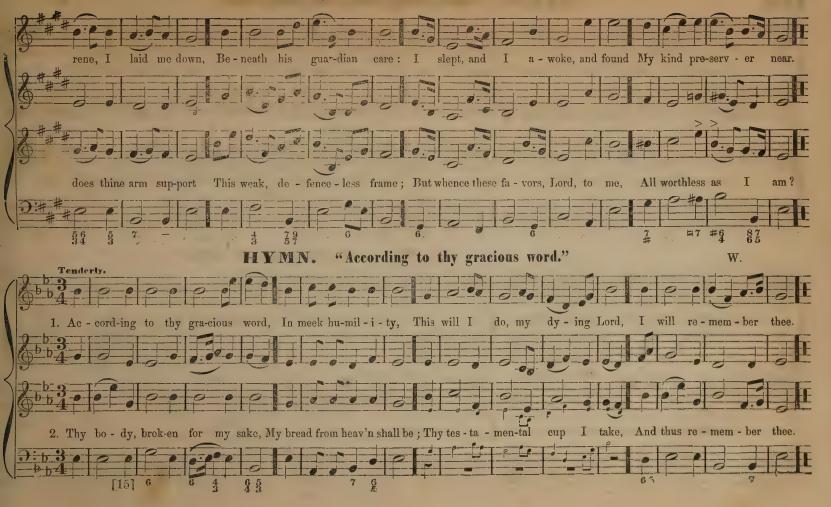


mountains: the Lord, &c.

he will have mer-cy, he will have mer-cy on his af-flict-ed.



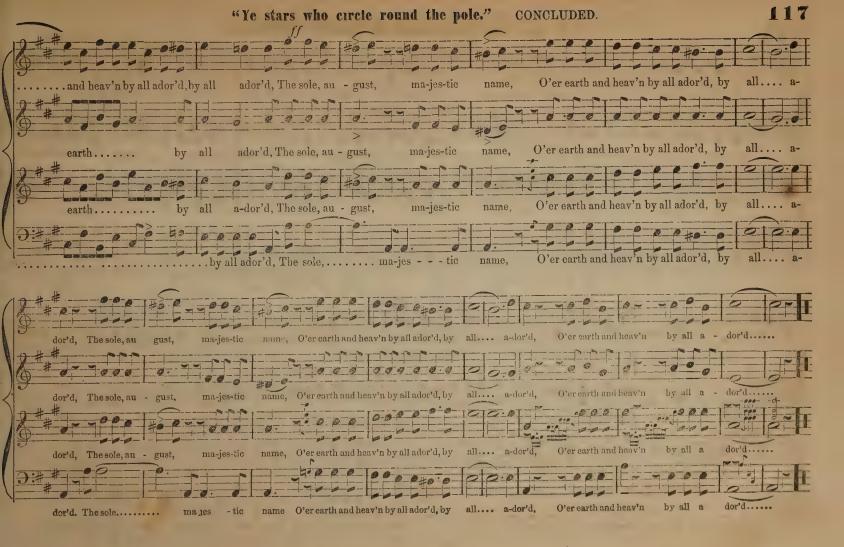




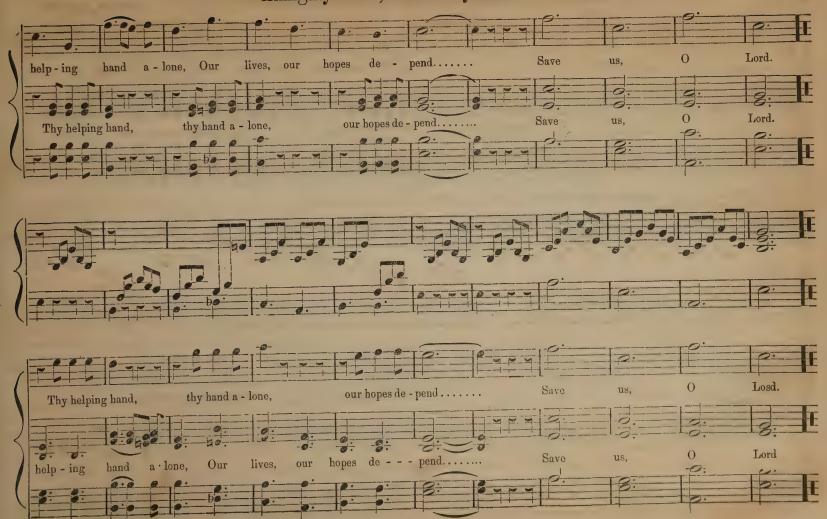








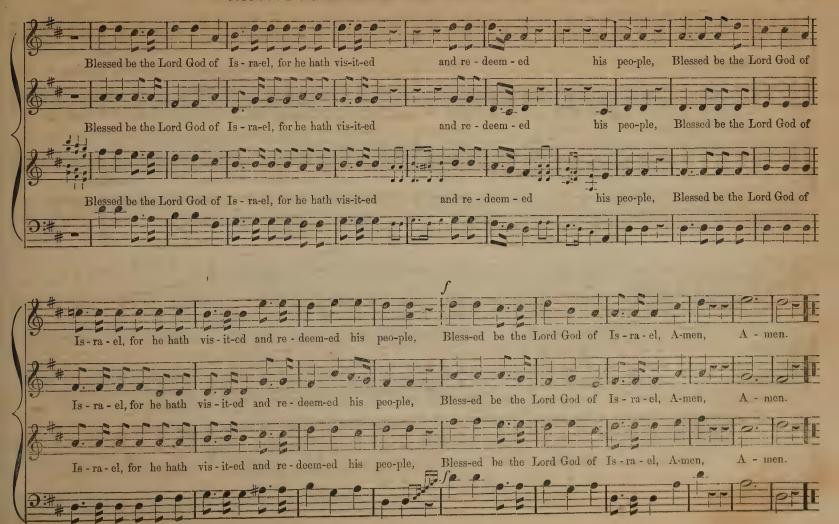


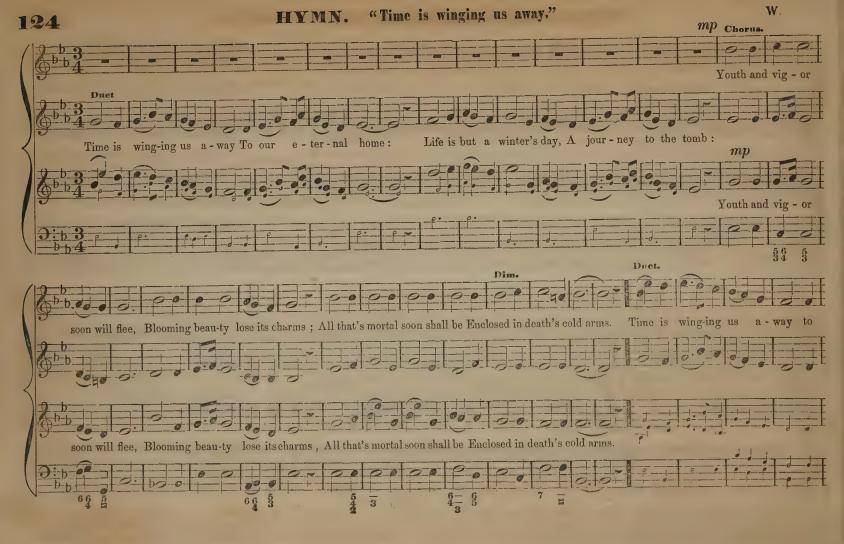






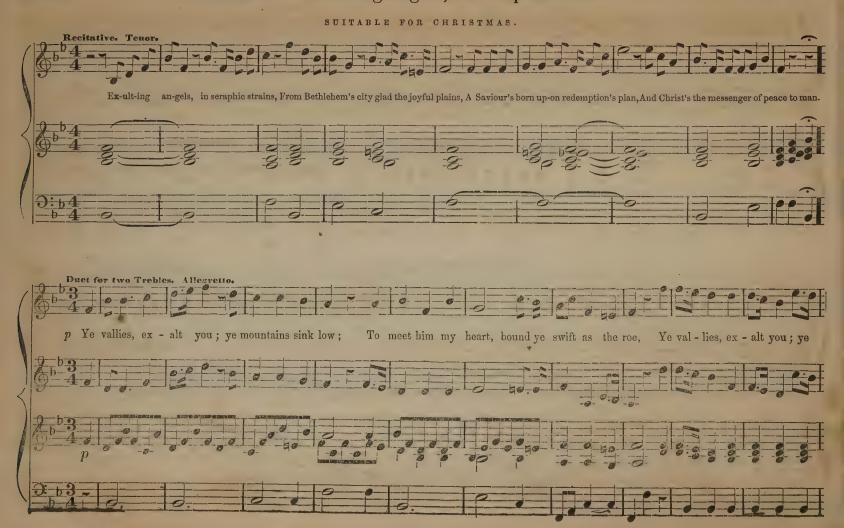


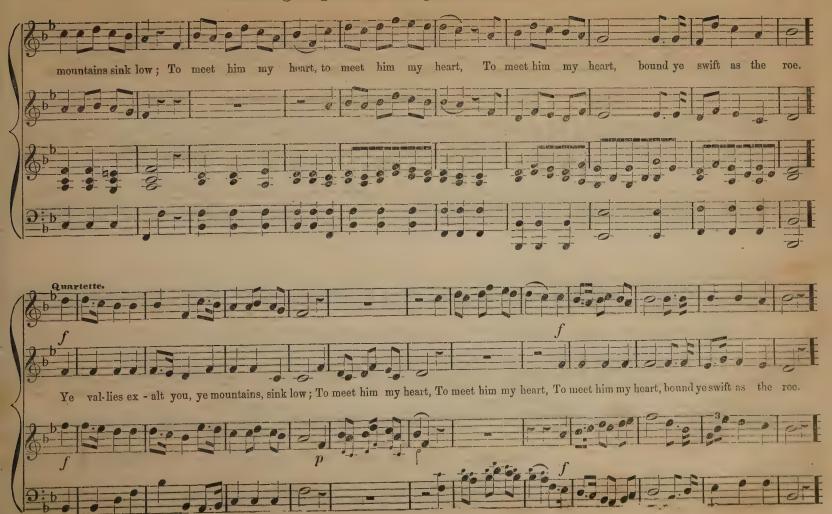










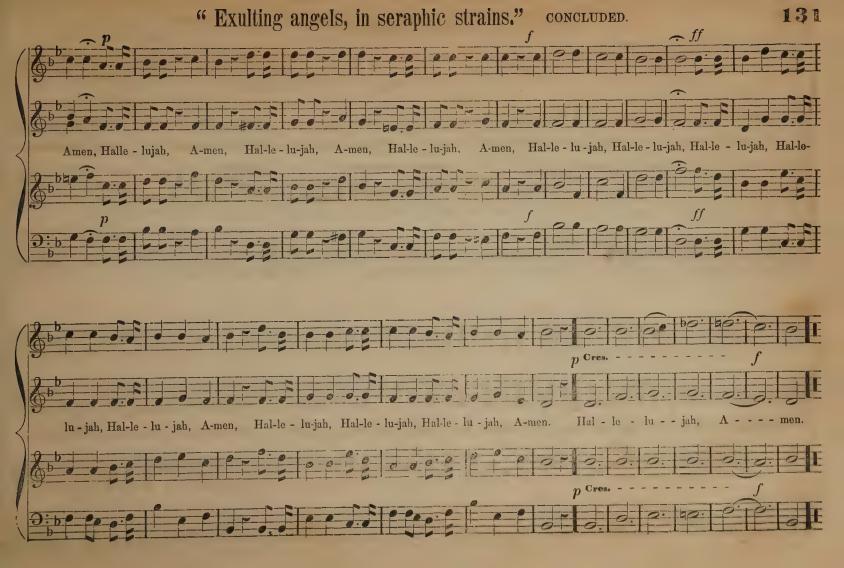


Lento.













"High let us swell." CONTINUED.





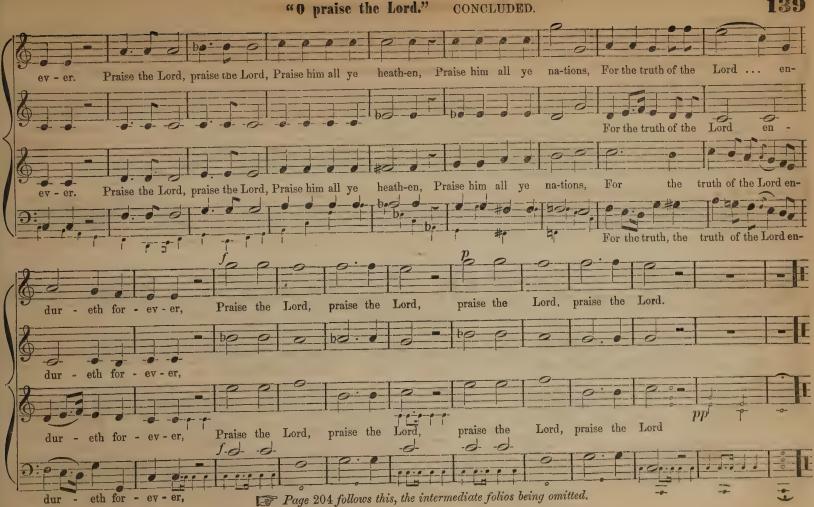




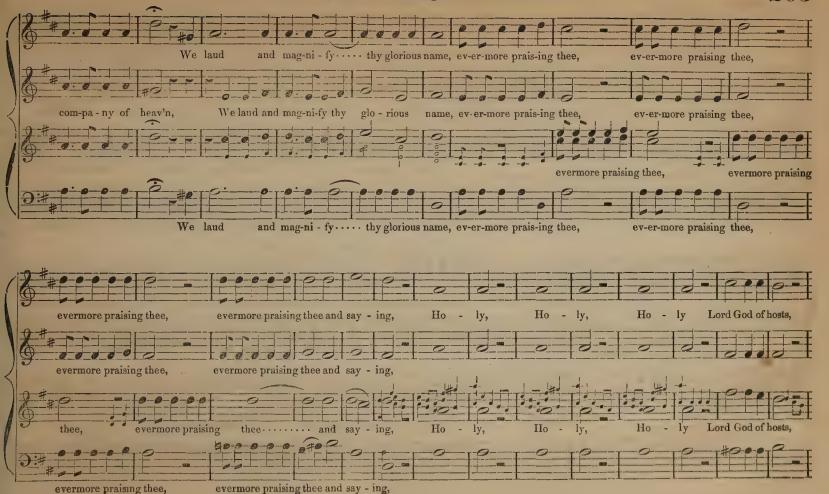






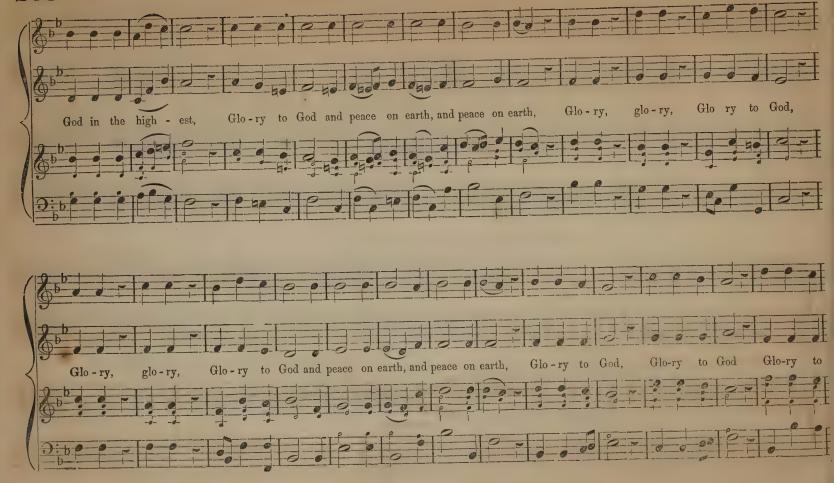


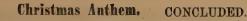


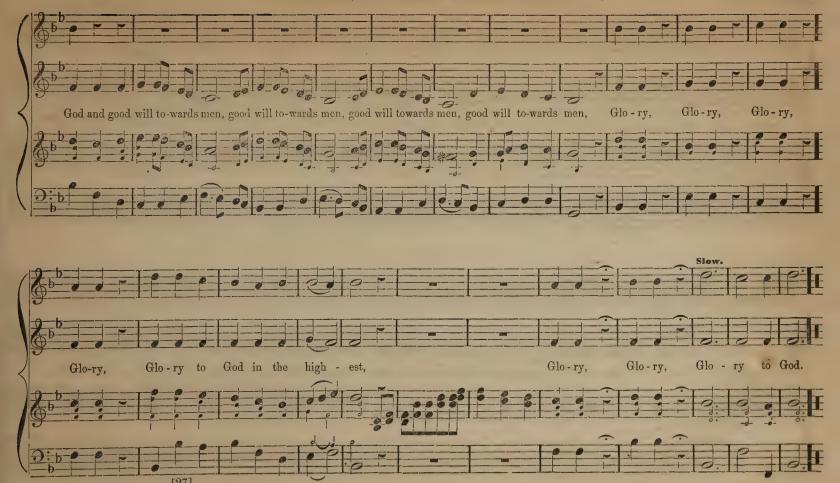


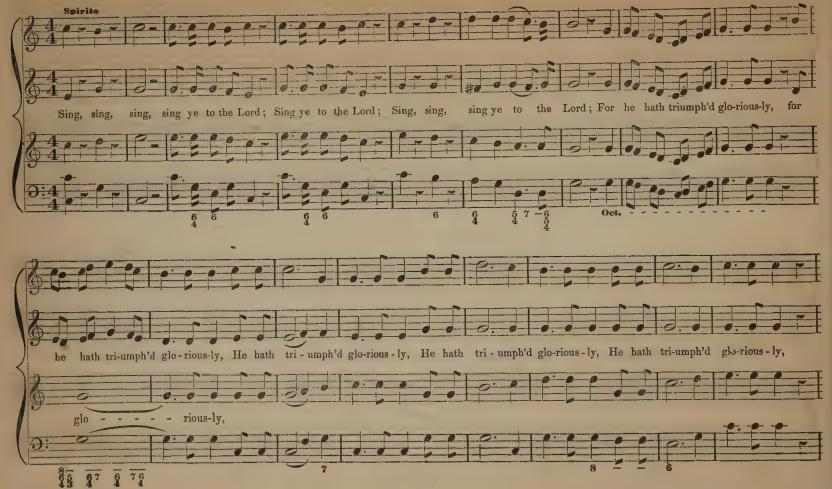


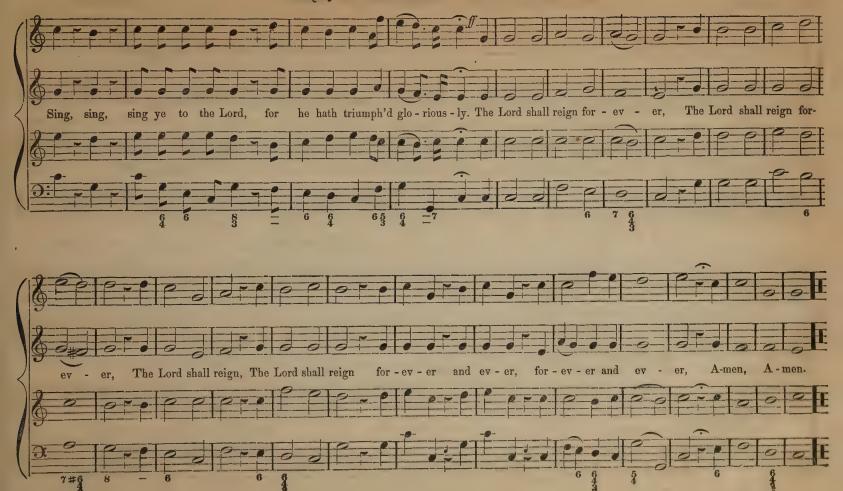




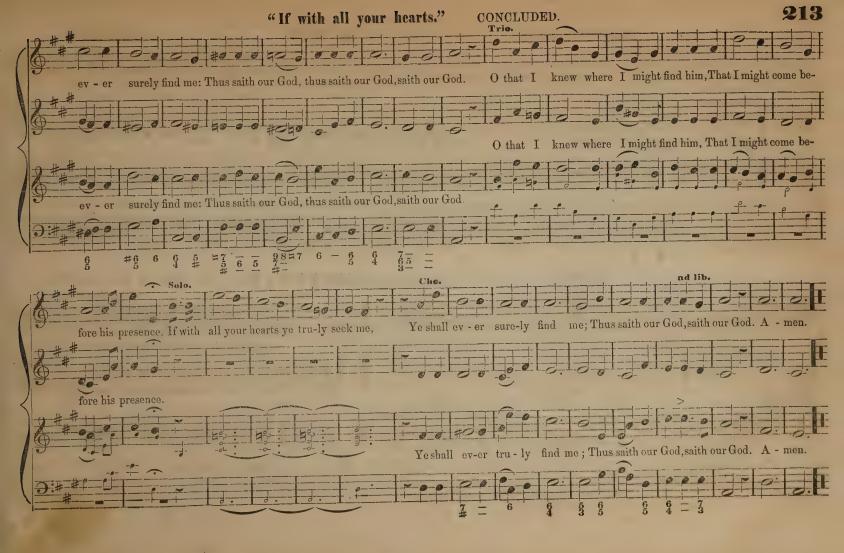


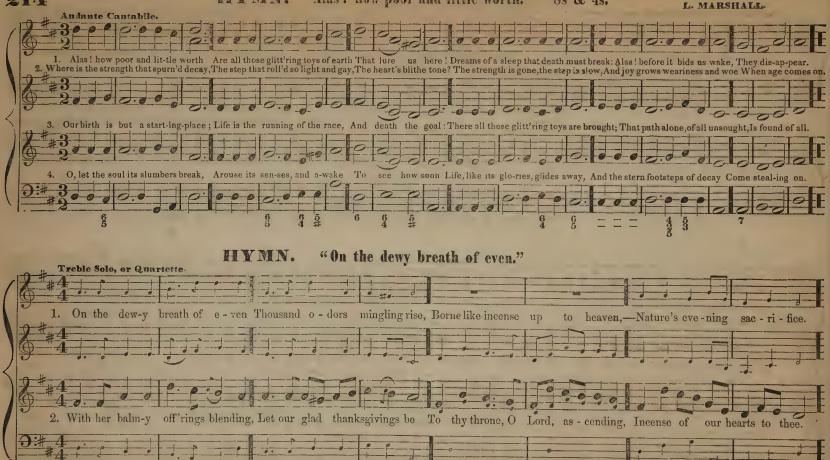




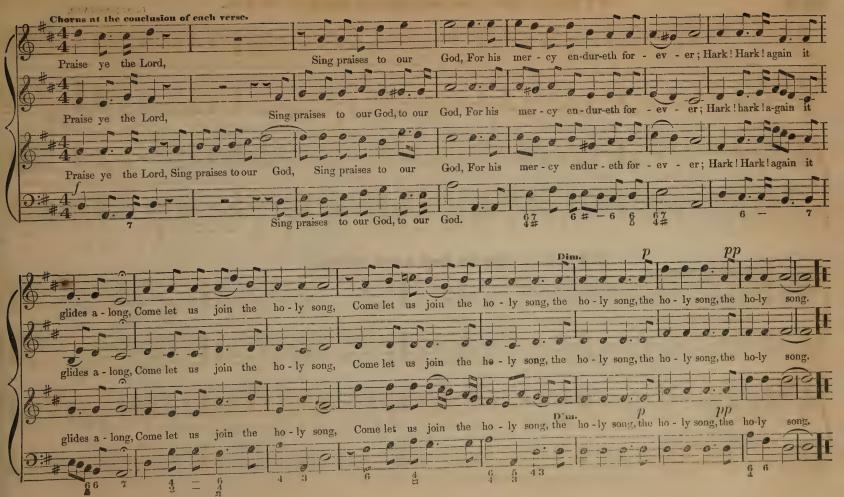






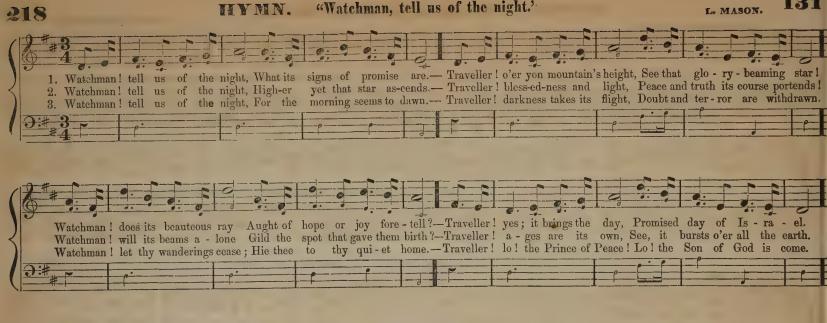


The above may be sung without the Chorus, as an 8s & 7s.

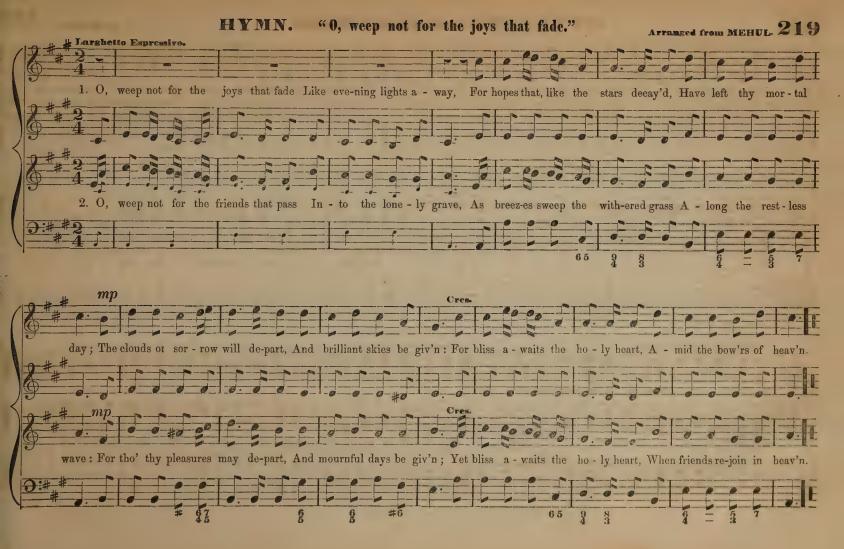




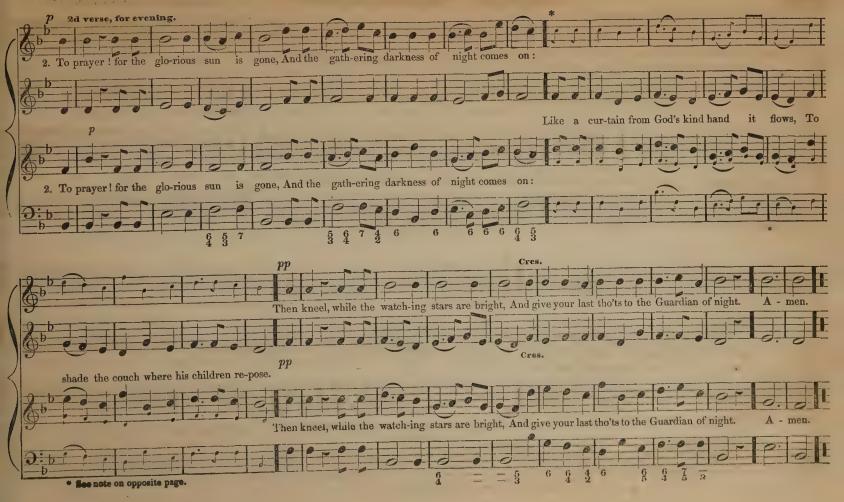


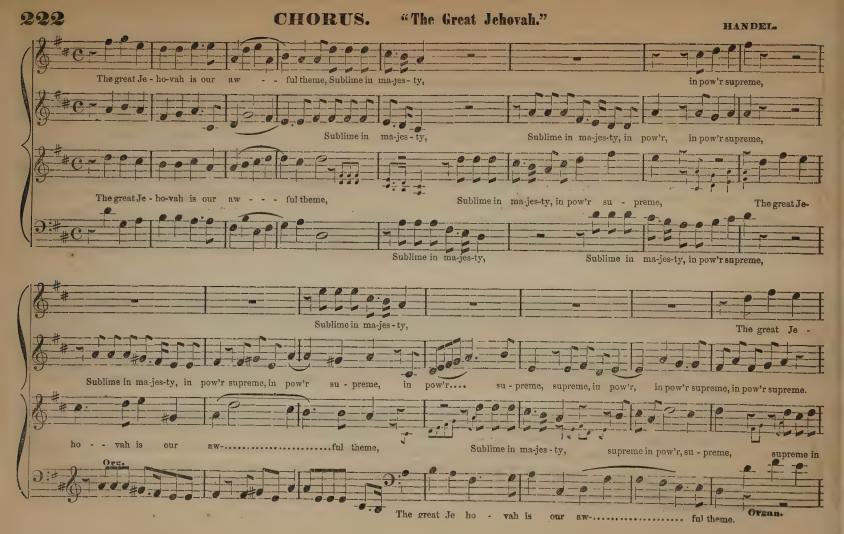




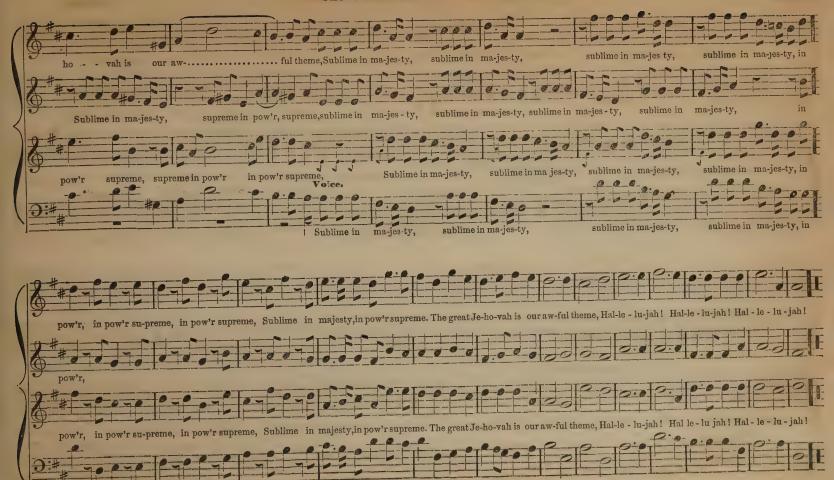




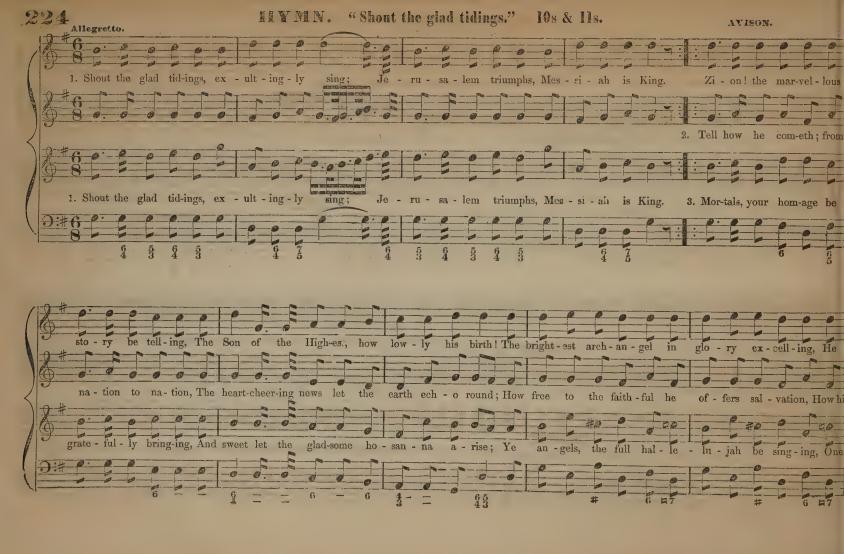


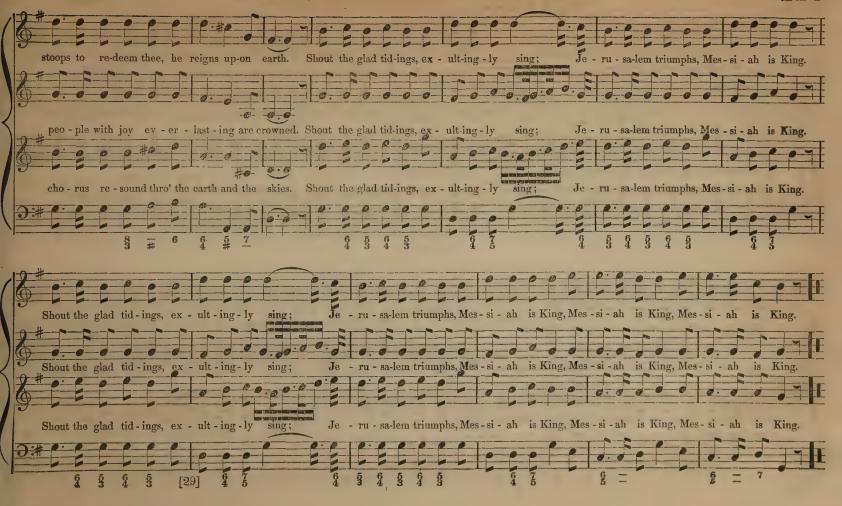


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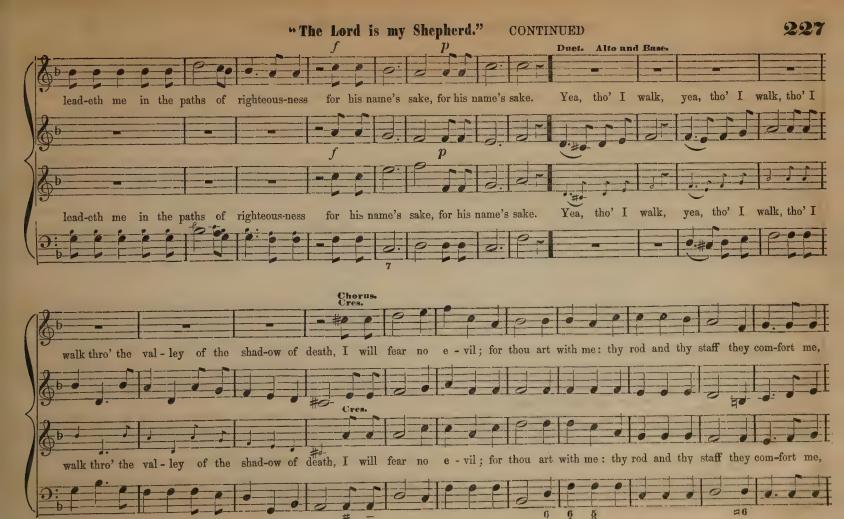


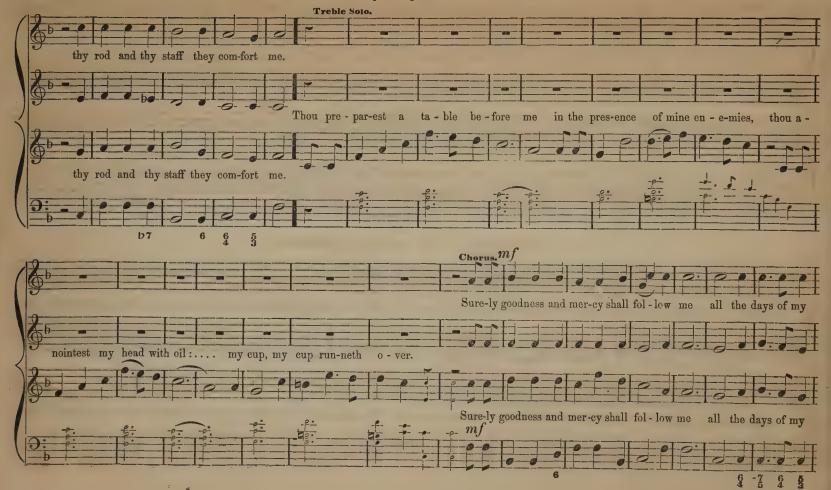
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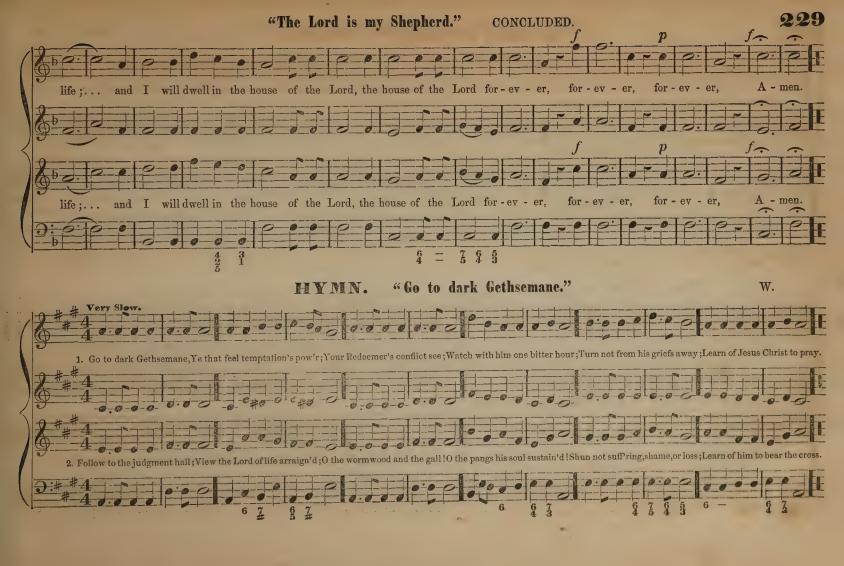




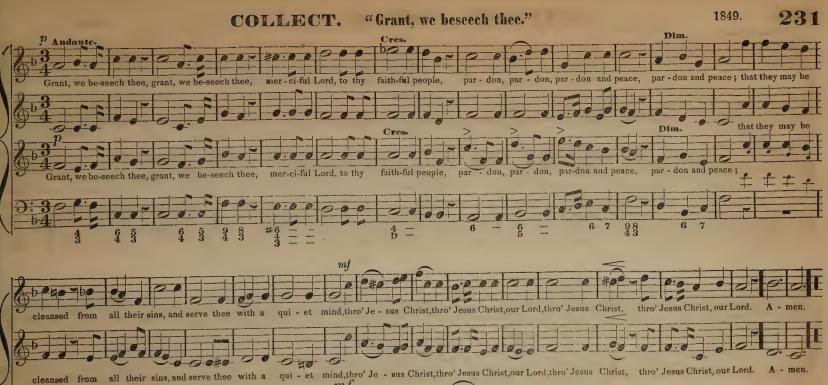
pas-tures: he lead-eth me be-side the still wa - ters. He re-stor-eth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness- he







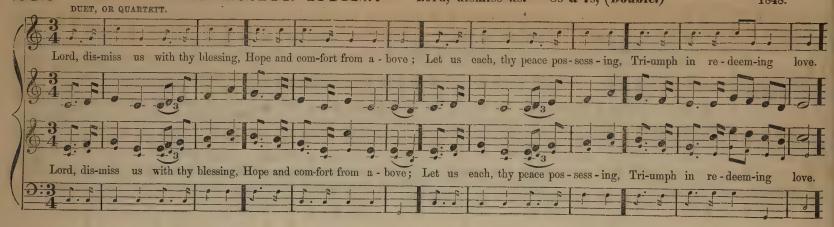


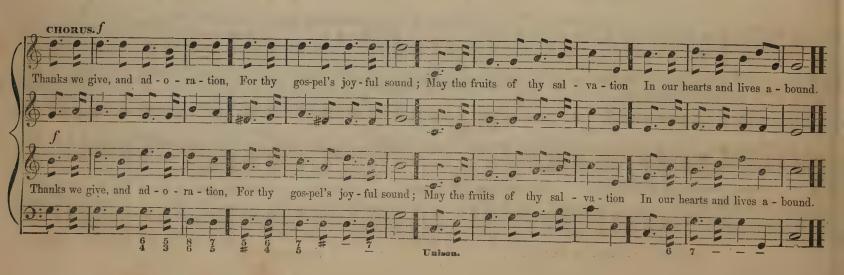


cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with a qui - et mind, thro' Je - sus Christ, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord. A - men.

The provided Heavisian and serve thee with a qui - et mind, thro' Je - sus Christ, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, thro' Jesus Christ, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. A - men.

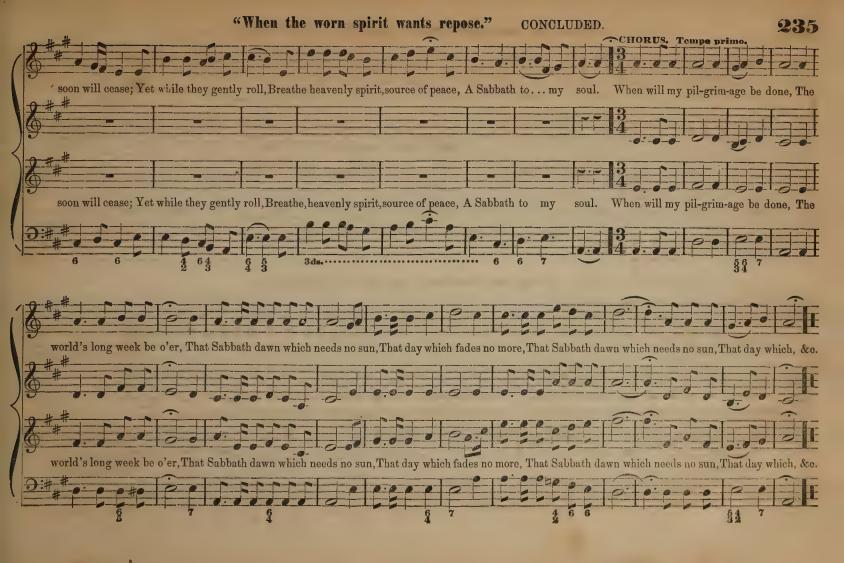
The provided Heavisian and Serve thee with a qui - et mind, thro' Je - sus Christ, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. A - men.



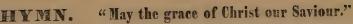


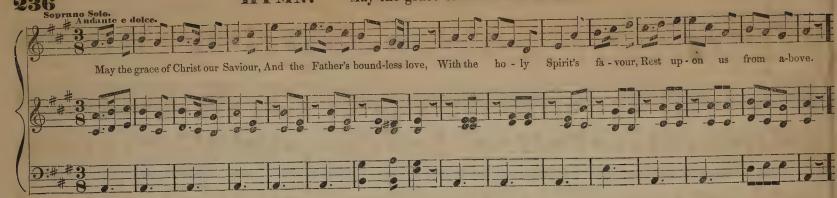


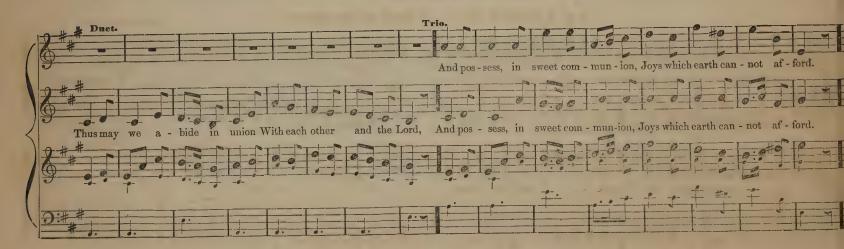


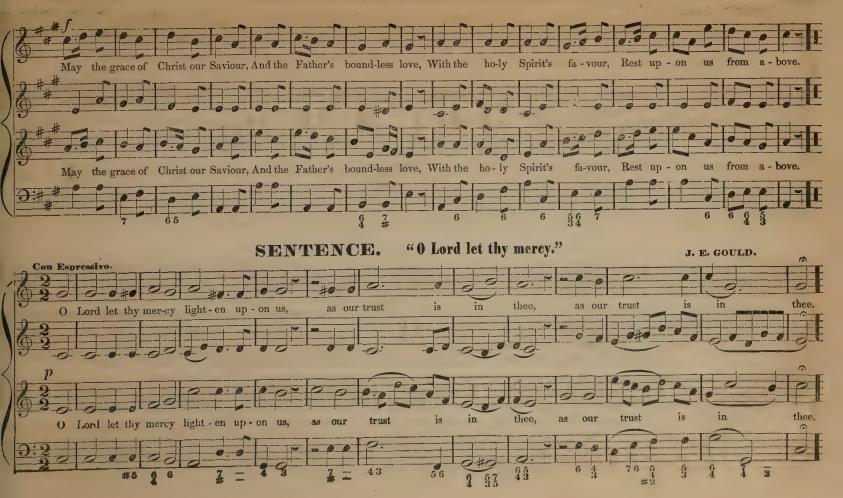






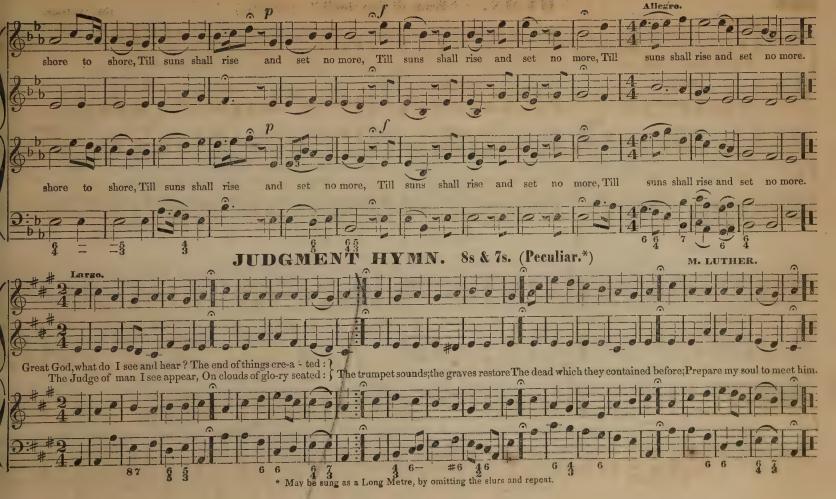




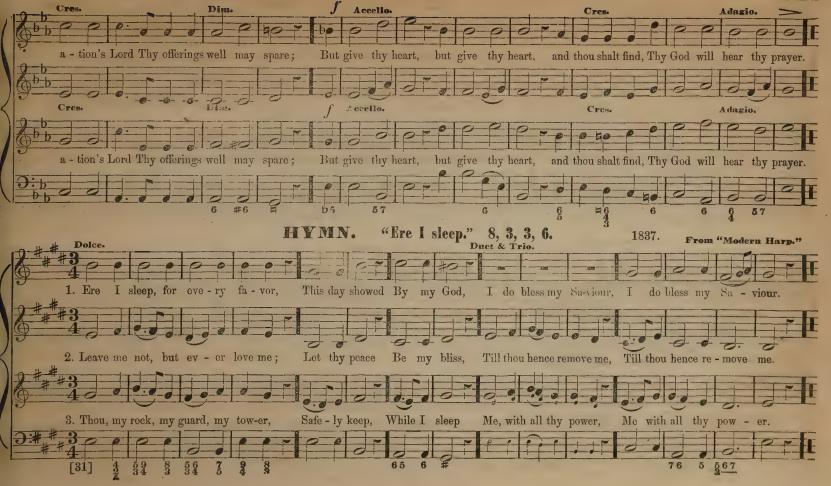


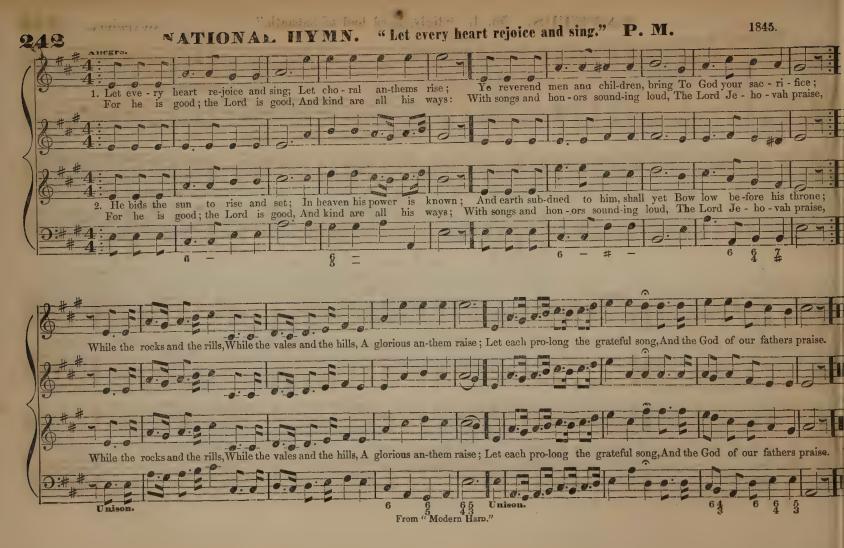




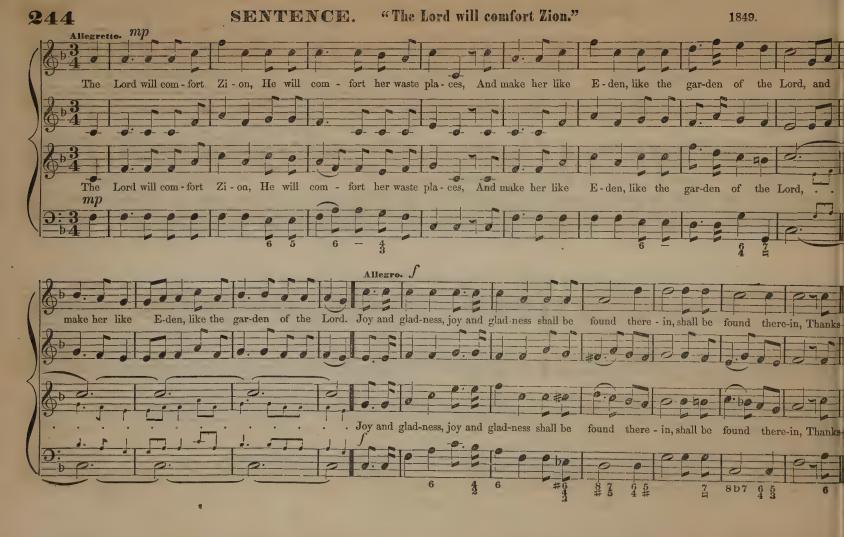


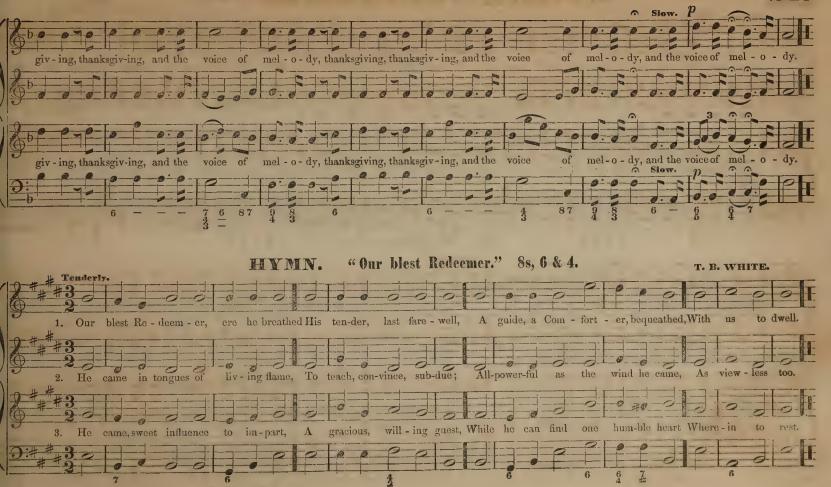










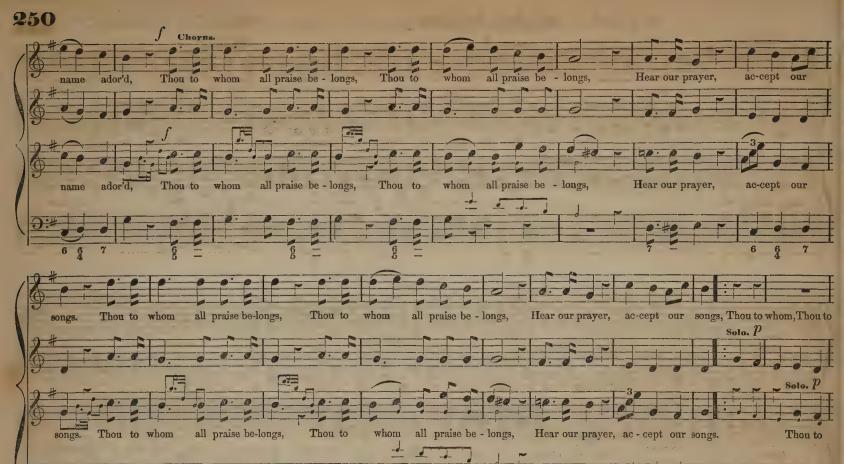




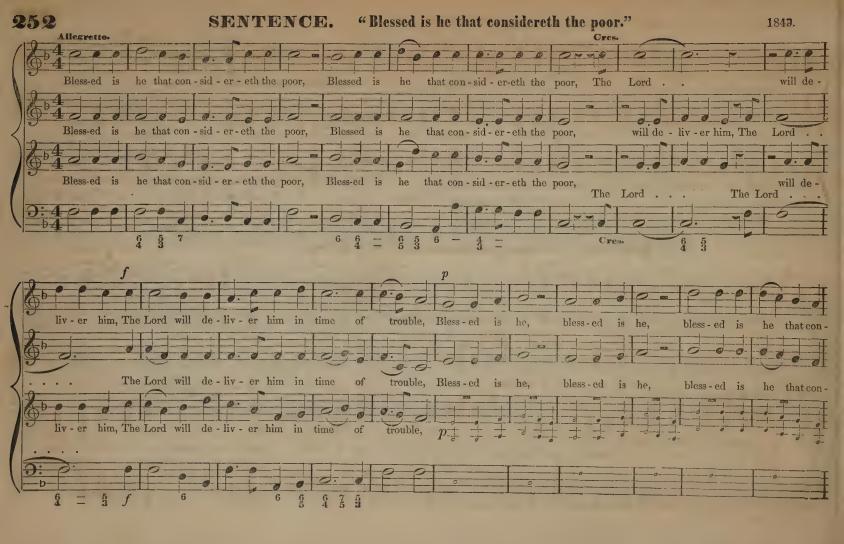
















Cres.



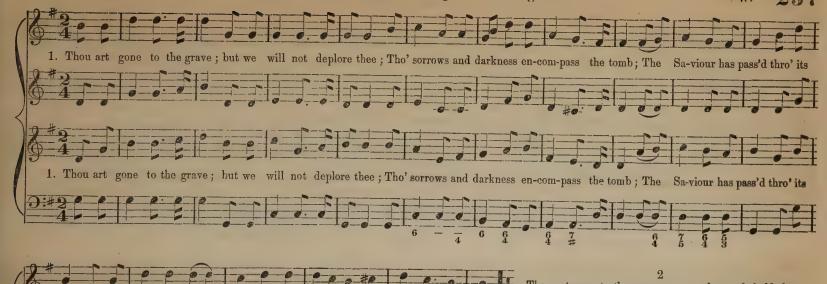
87

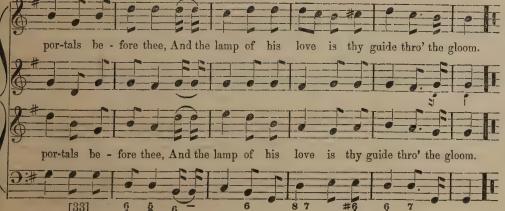
Bless-ed be the Lord for - ev - er - more,



87







Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee, And sinners may hope since the Saviour hath died.

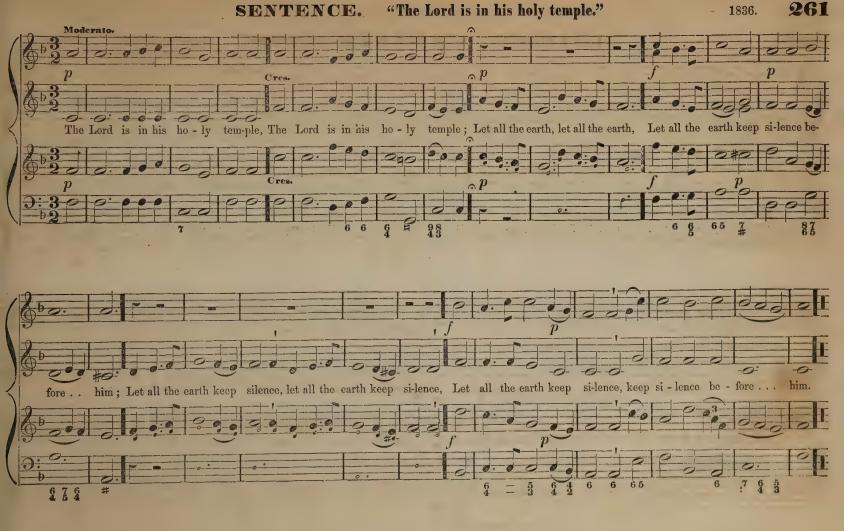
Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heav'n beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

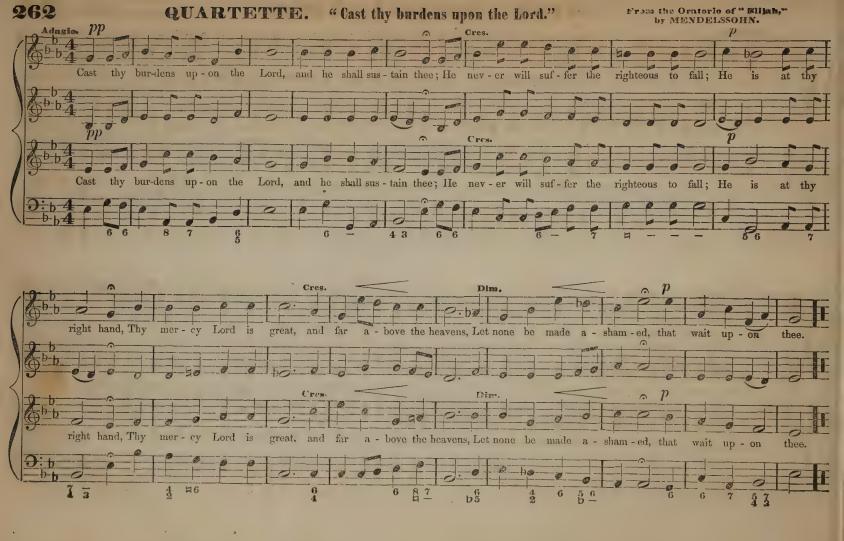
Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee; Since God was thy Refuge, thy Guardian, thy Guide; He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee; And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died

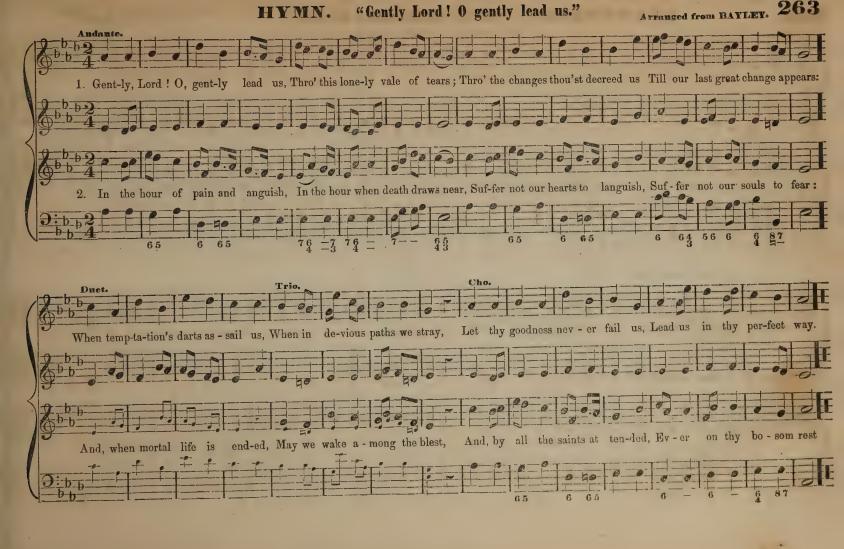








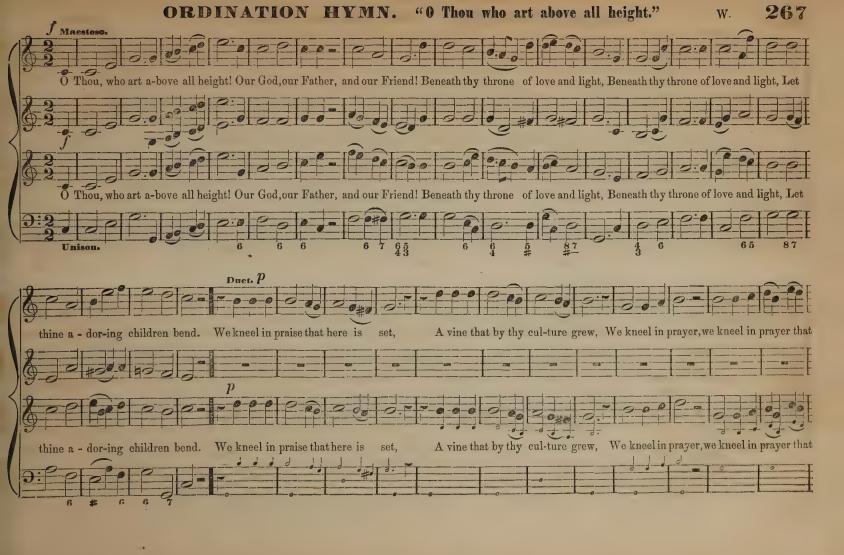












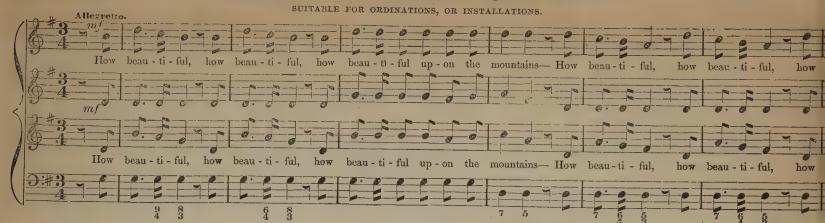






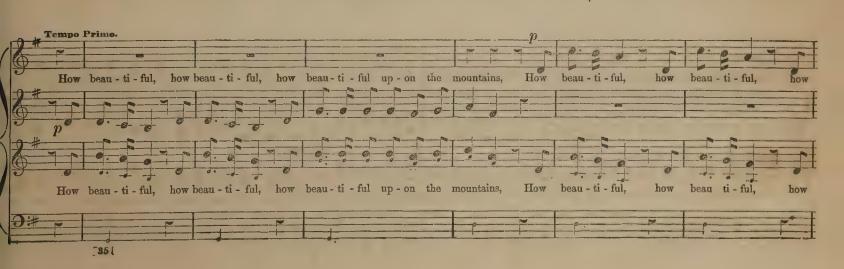


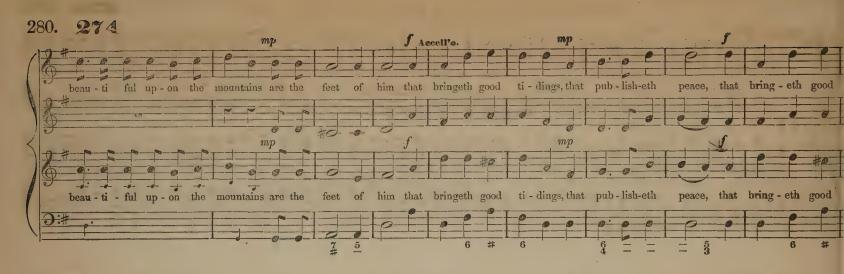


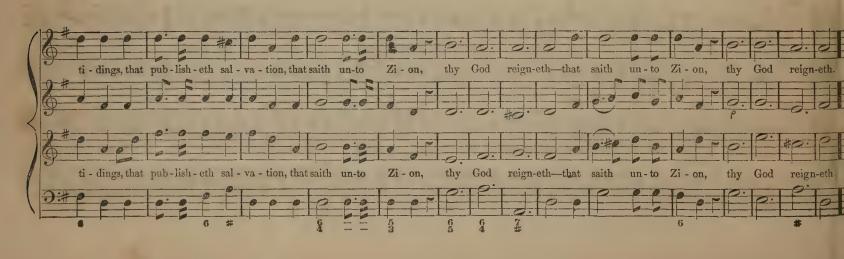
















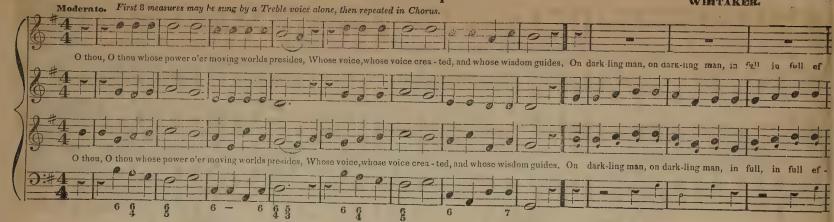
prayer of de - vo - tion, God of the father-less, guide us, guard us to - day. 2. When o'er the western hills, the sunset tints blend-ing, Show us how

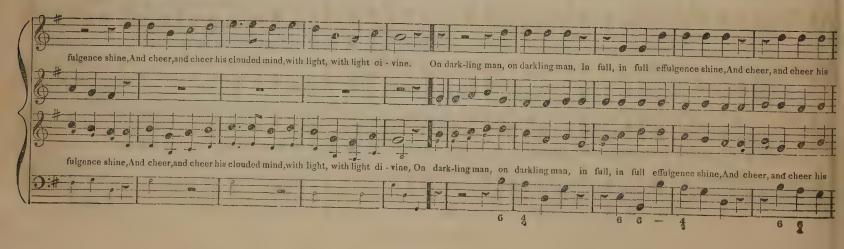
From "Modern Harn."

65

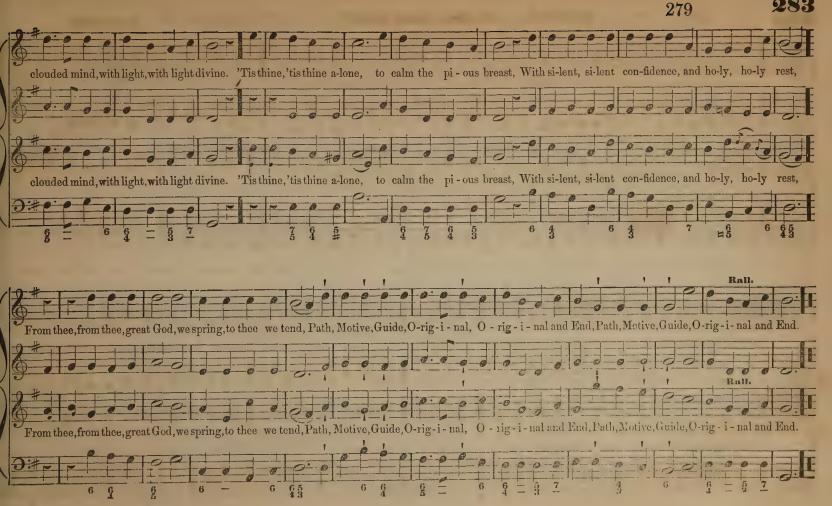
5 b7 b7 5





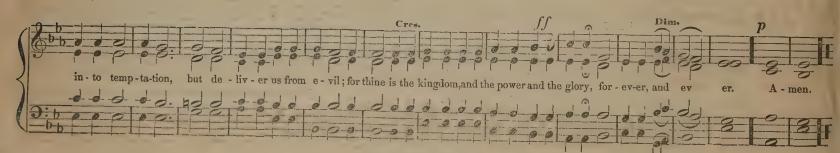




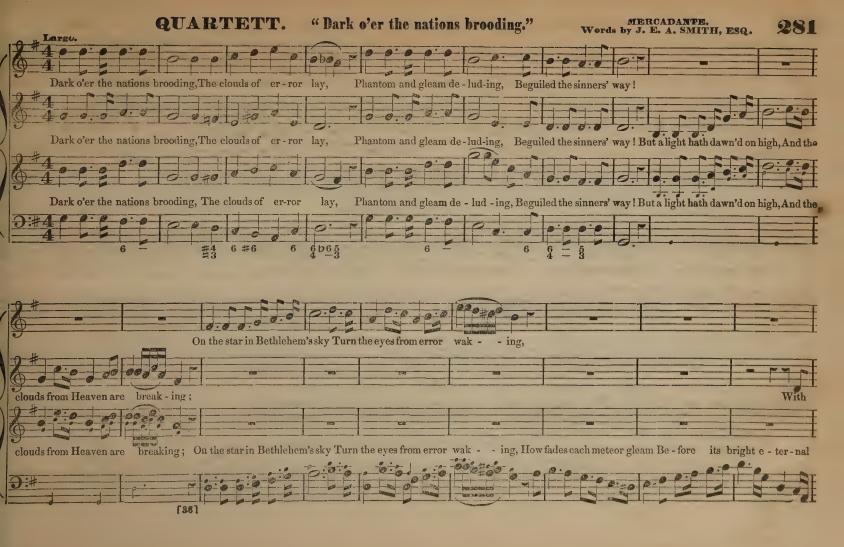






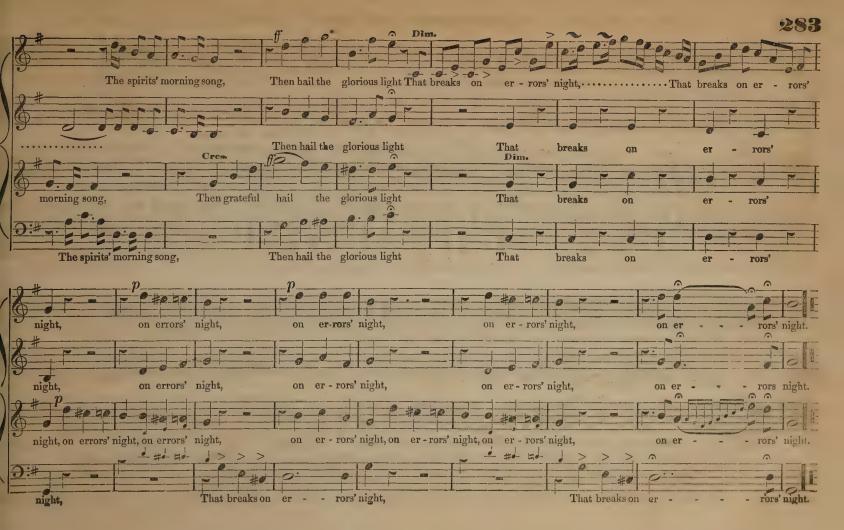


From " Mode n Hirp."

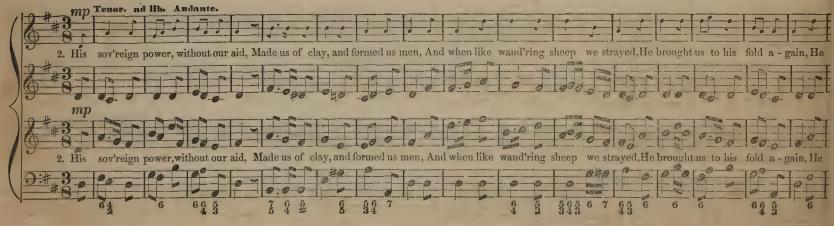


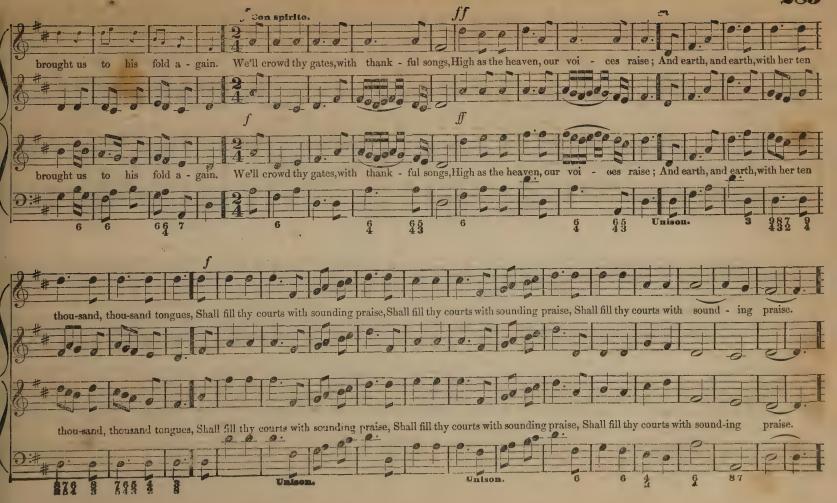








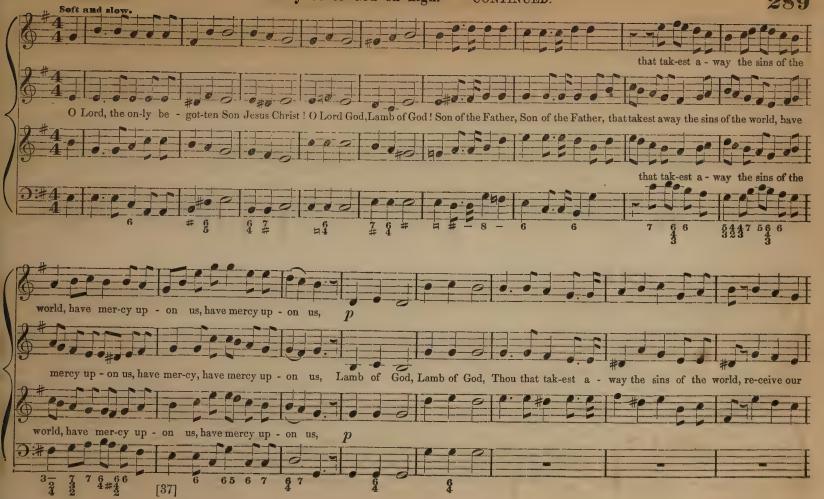


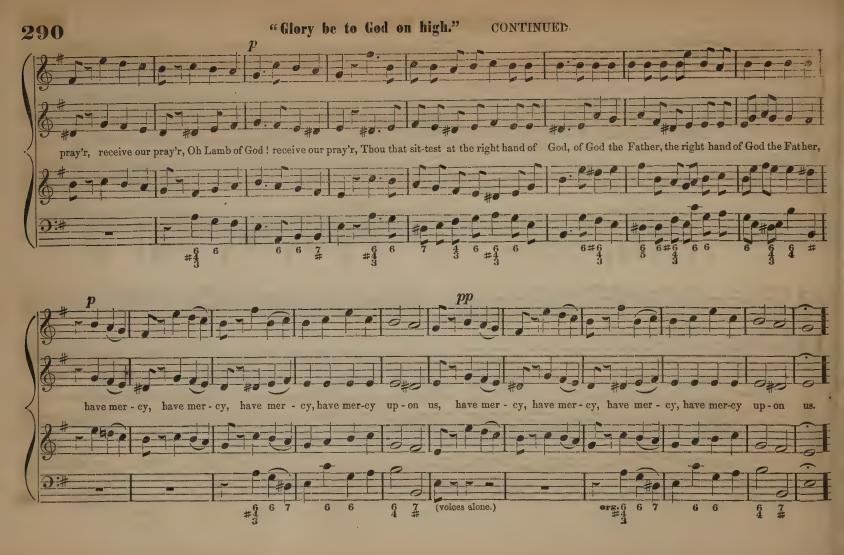


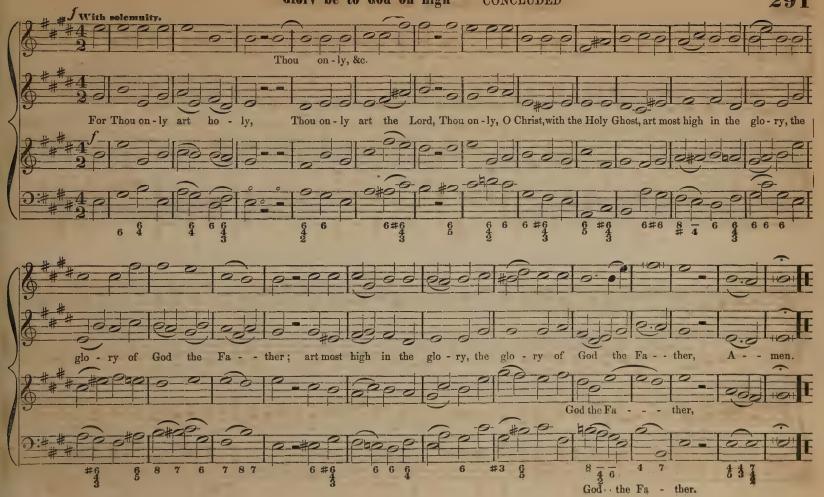


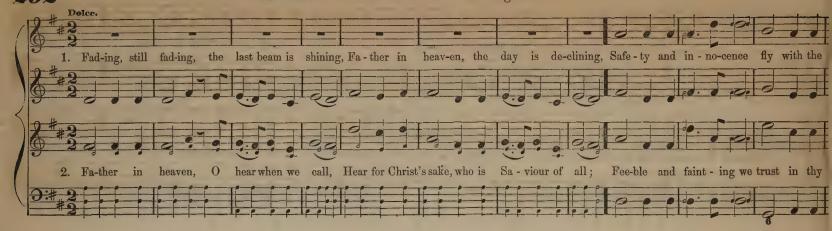


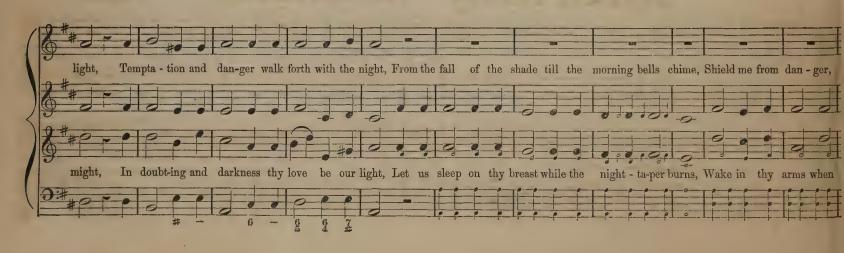


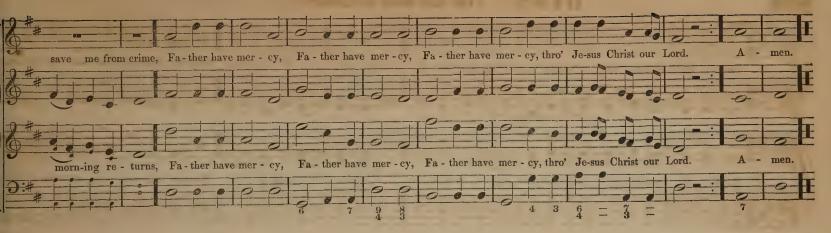


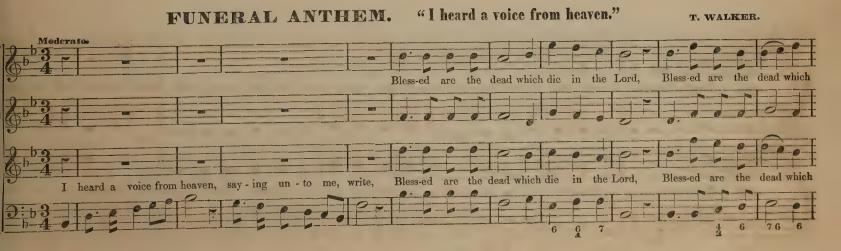




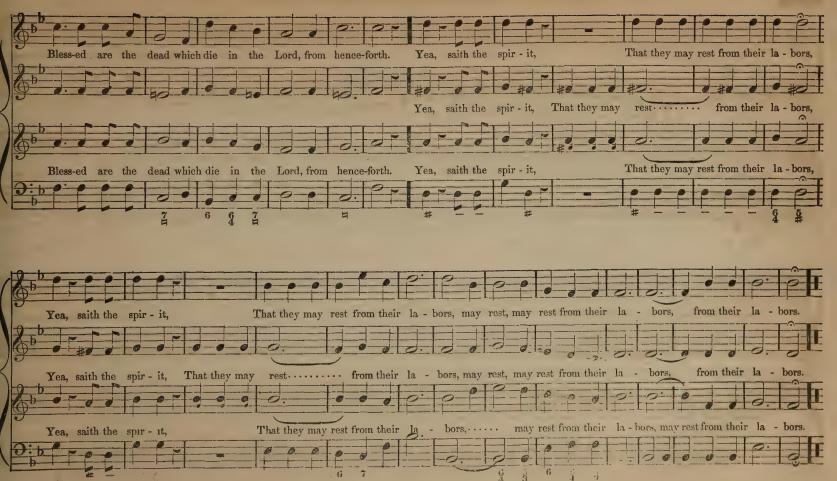




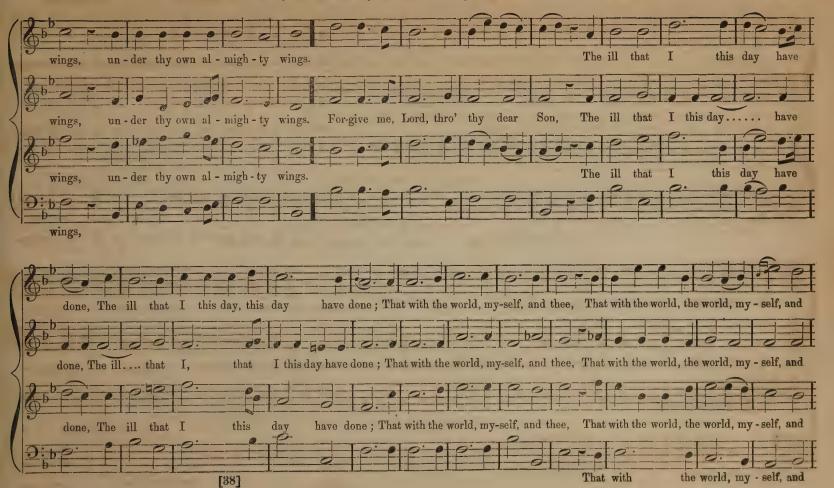


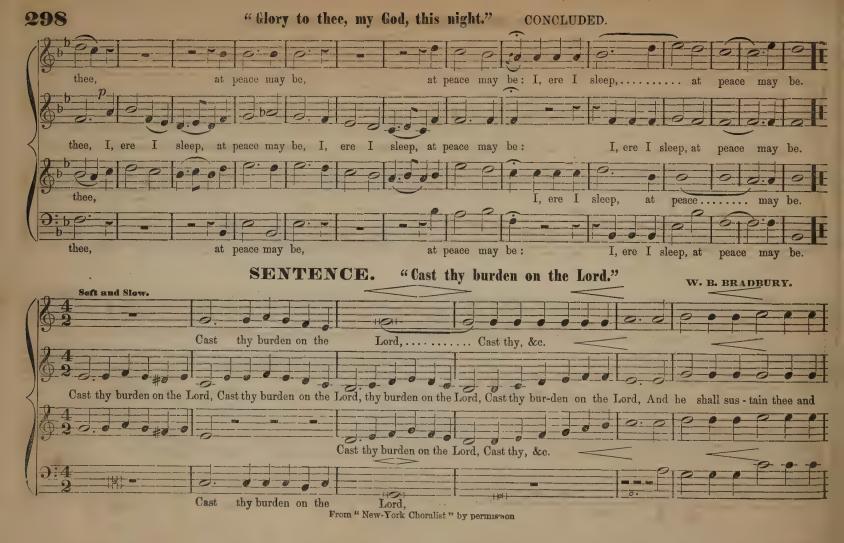


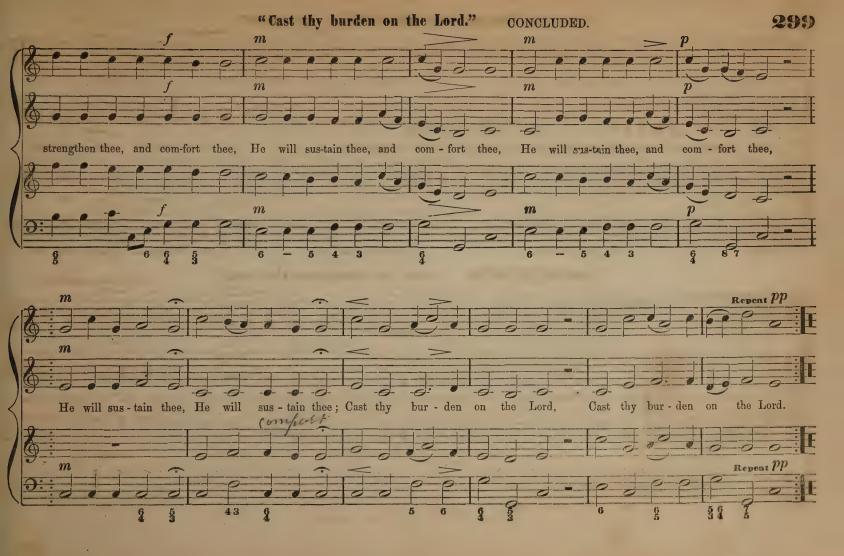




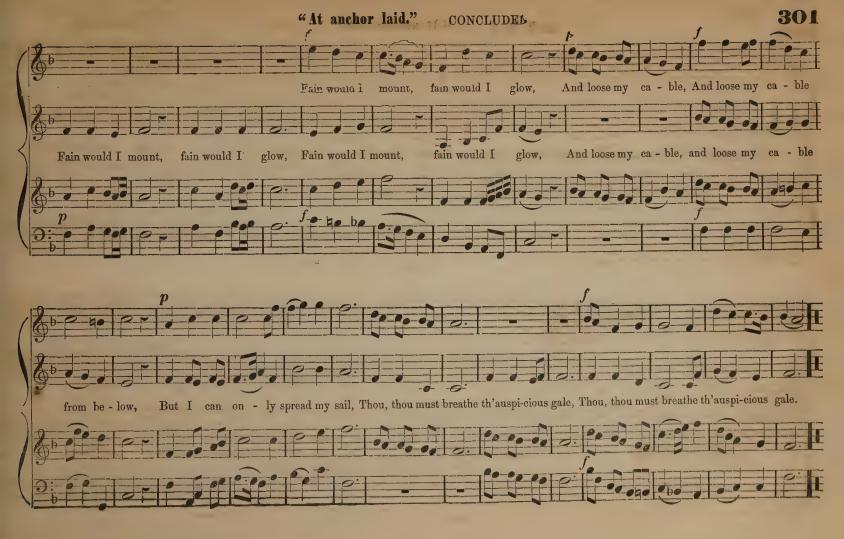


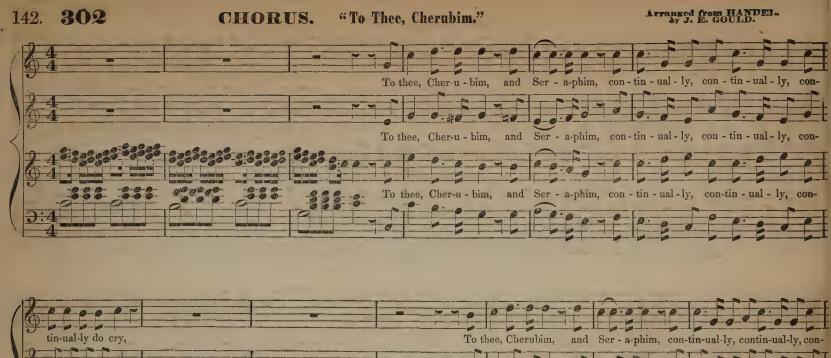


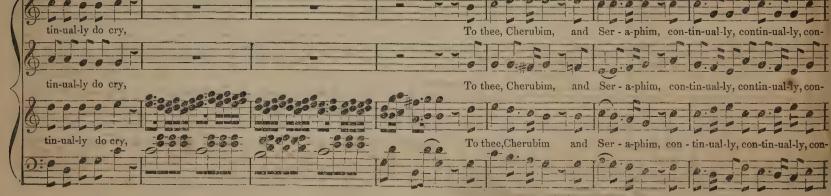


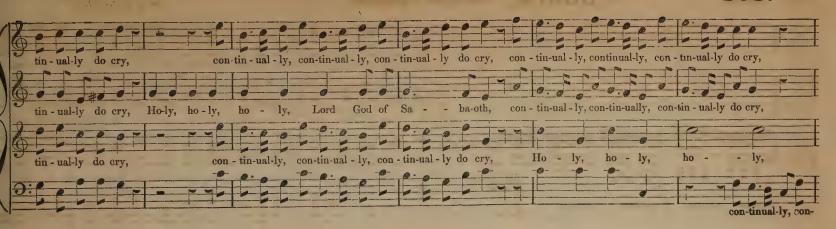


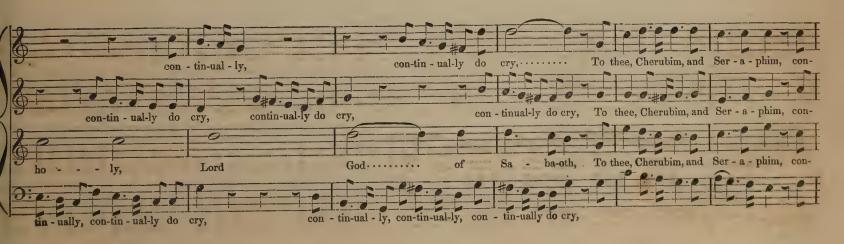




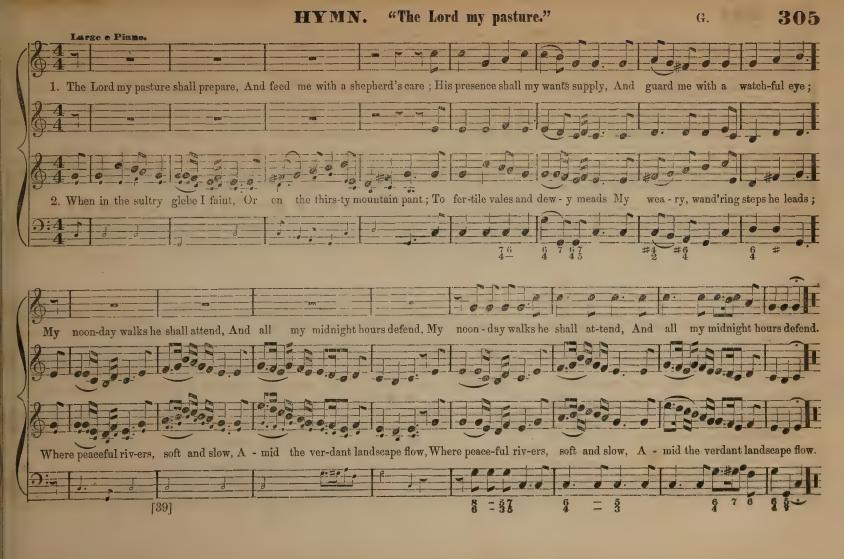










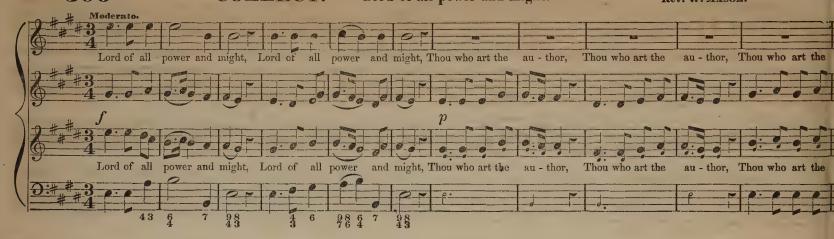


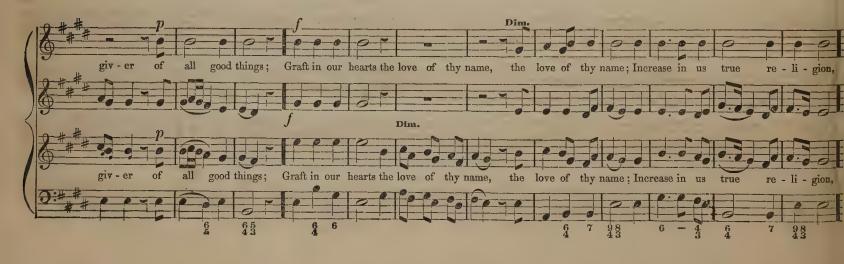
140. 306

COLLECT.

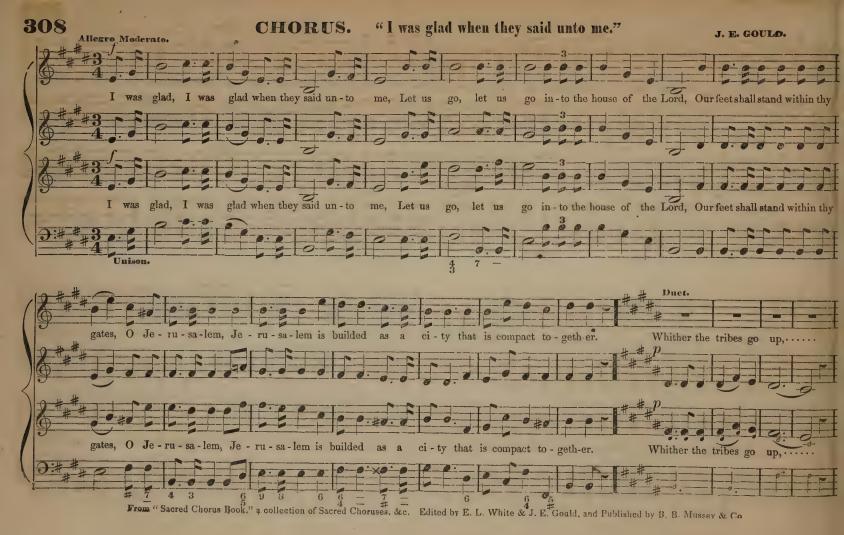
"Lord of all power and might."

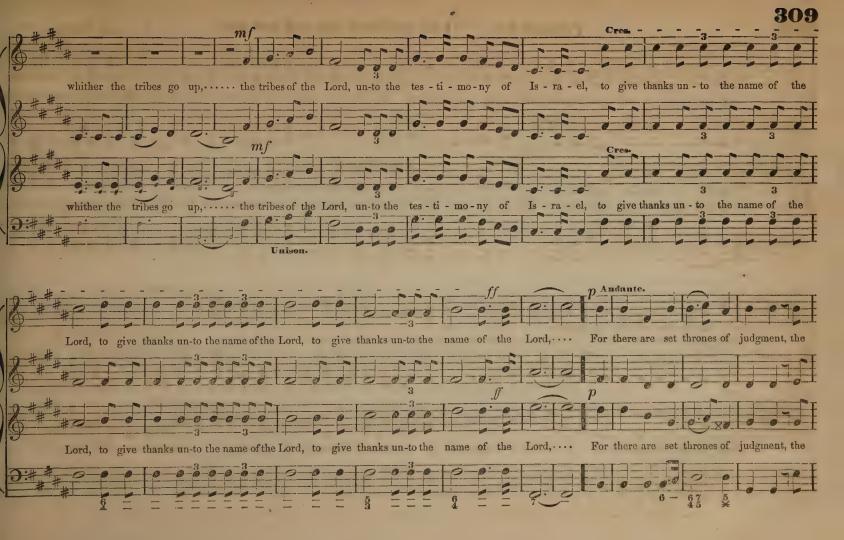
Rev. W. MASON.







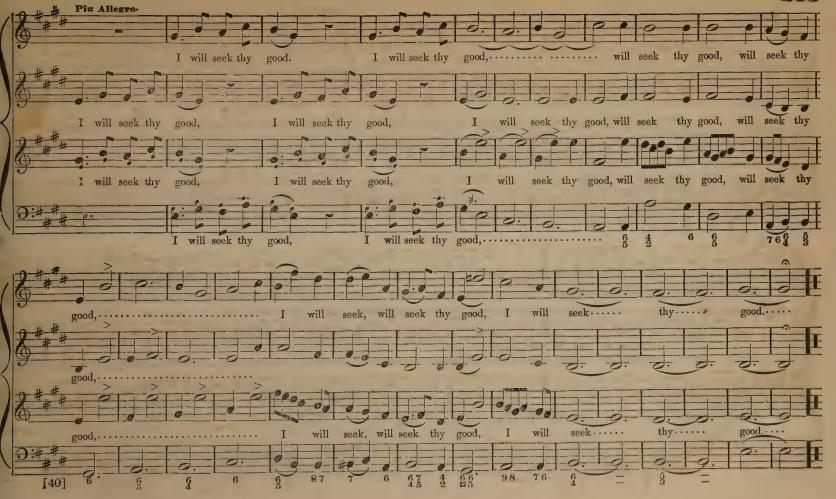




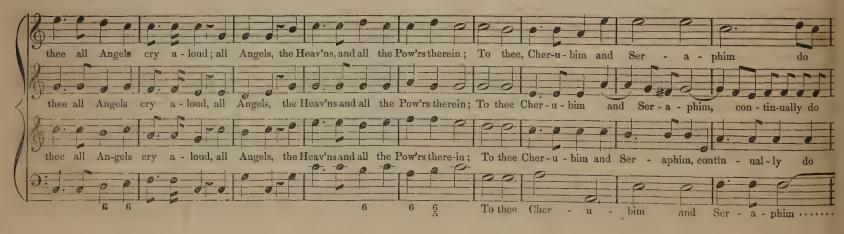


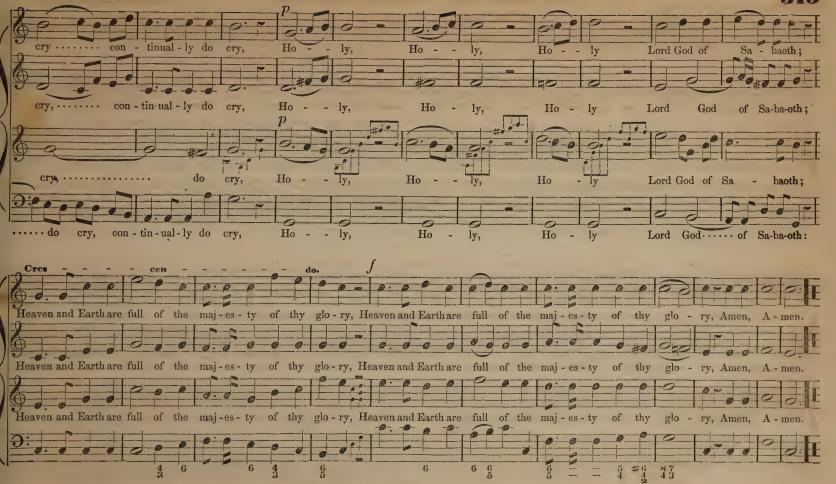




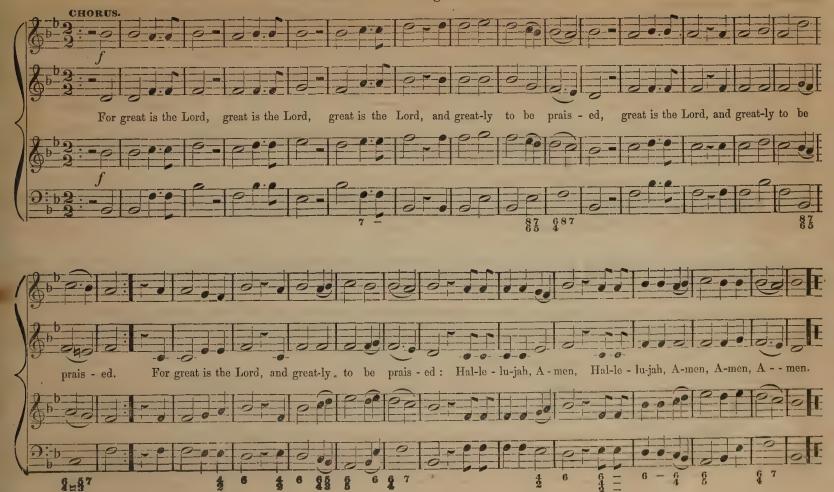


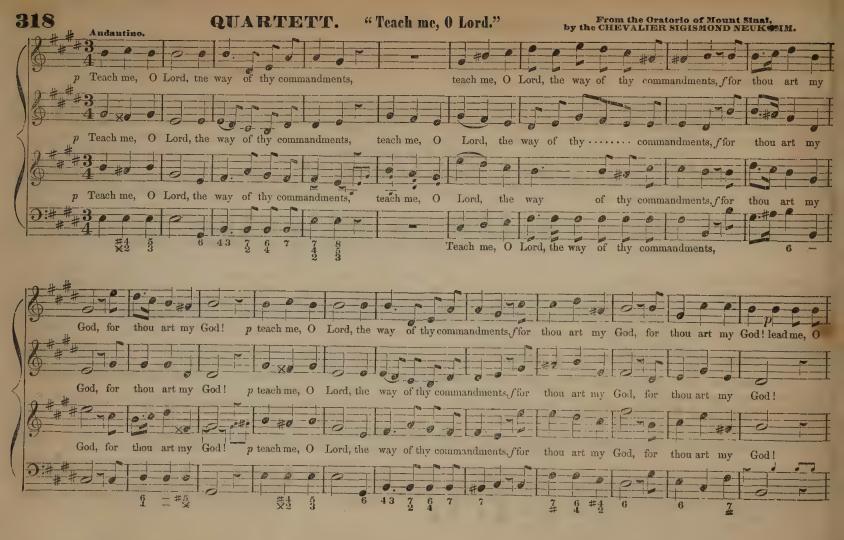








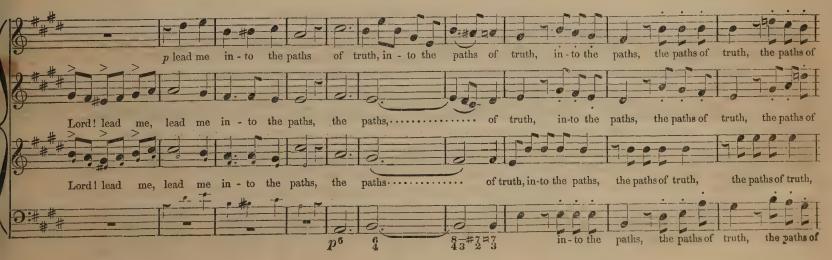






of

in-to the paths of



me

lead me in to the paths, in to the paths

Lord, lead

me

lead me, lead

lead

me,

Lord!

Lord,

lead me, O Lord,

lead me,

lead me, O

Lord!

Lord!

Lord!

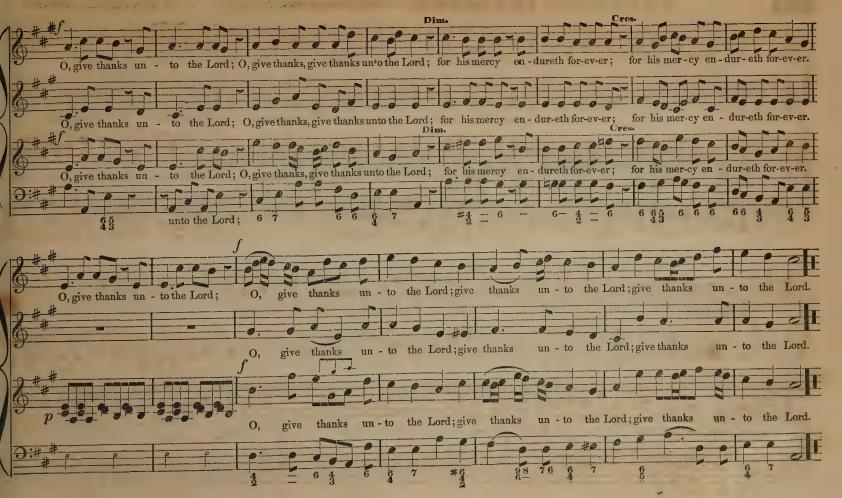
p lead me, O

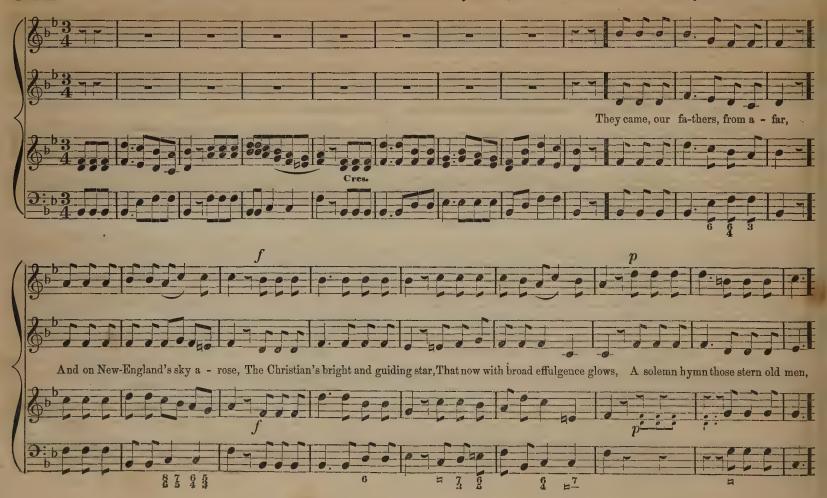
p lead me, O



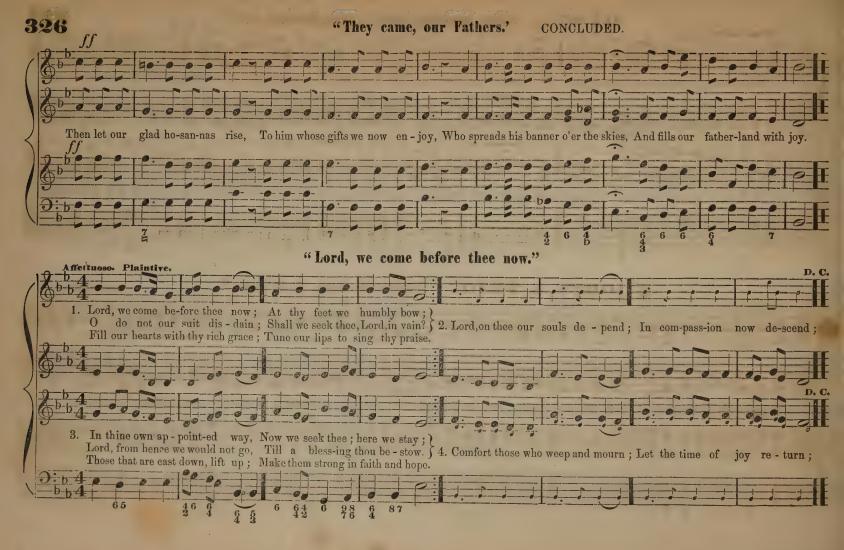




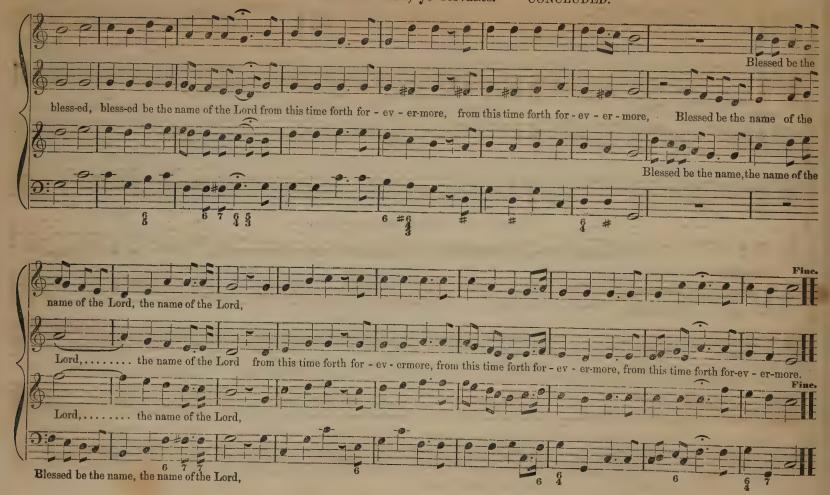




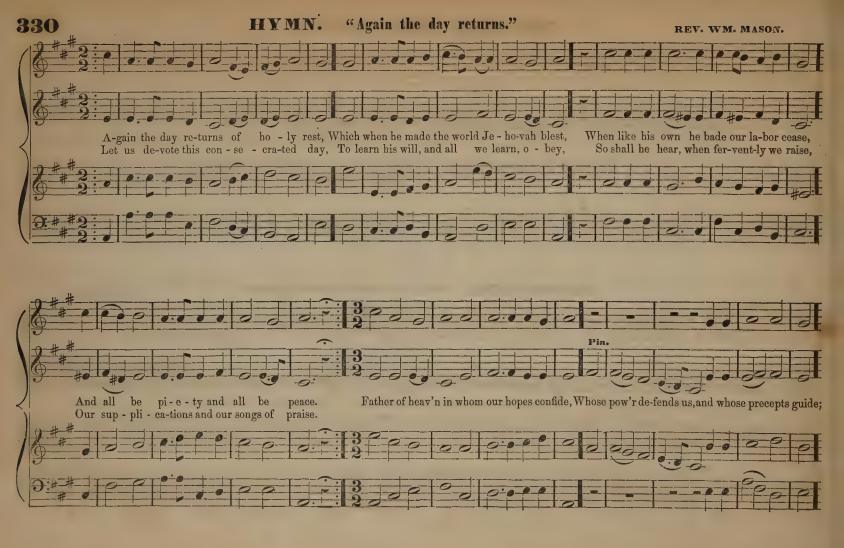


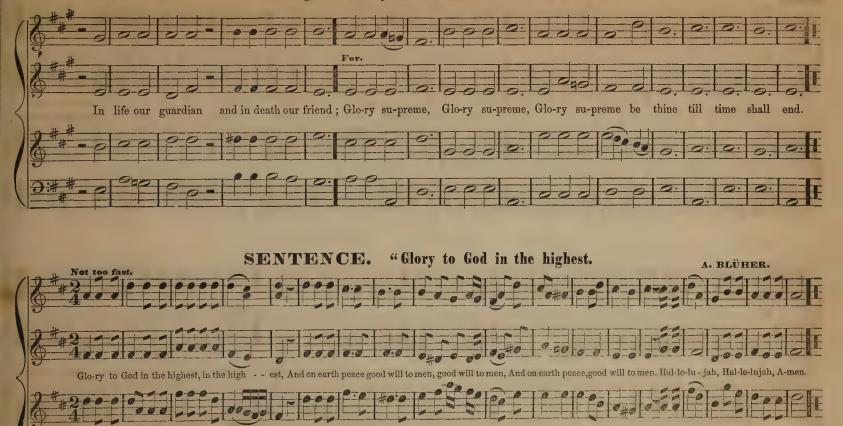




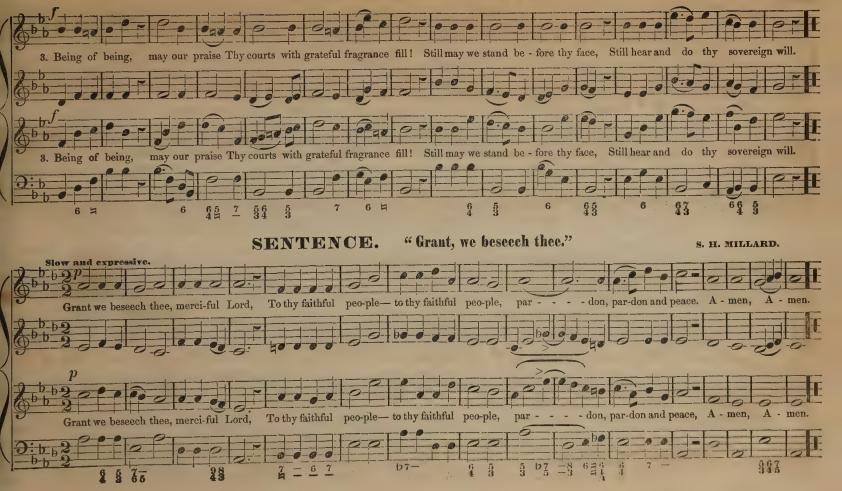


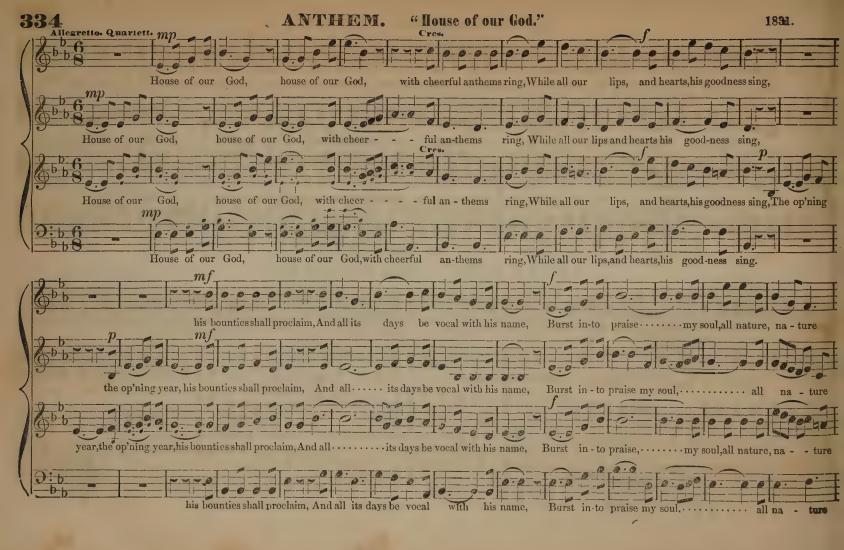




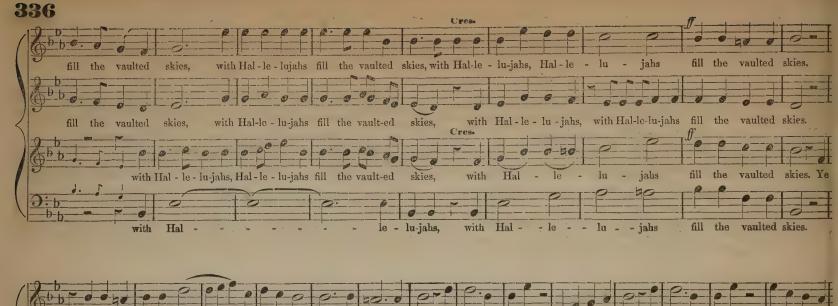


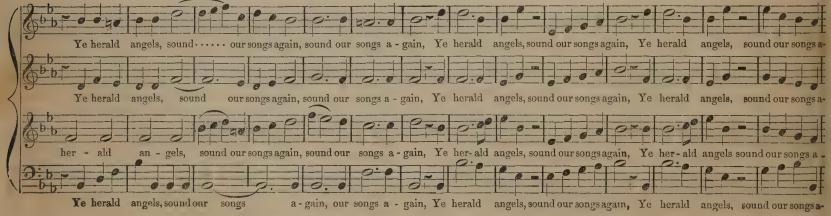






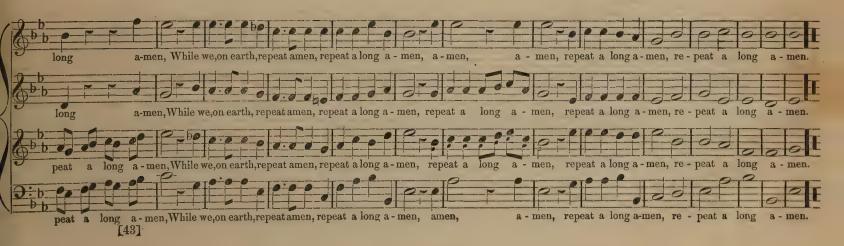




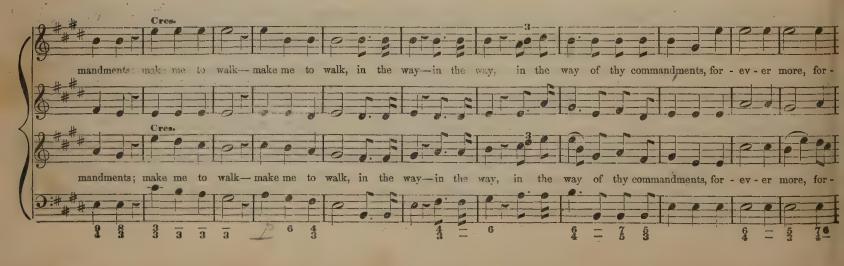






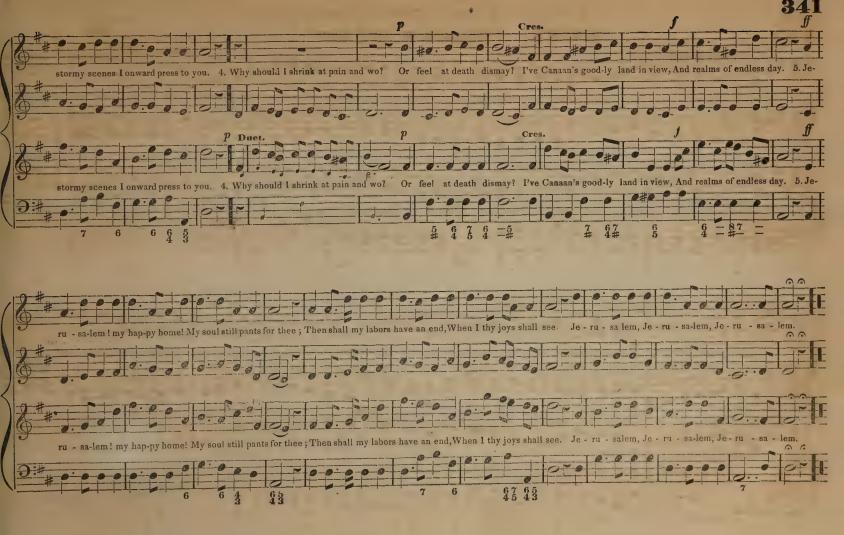










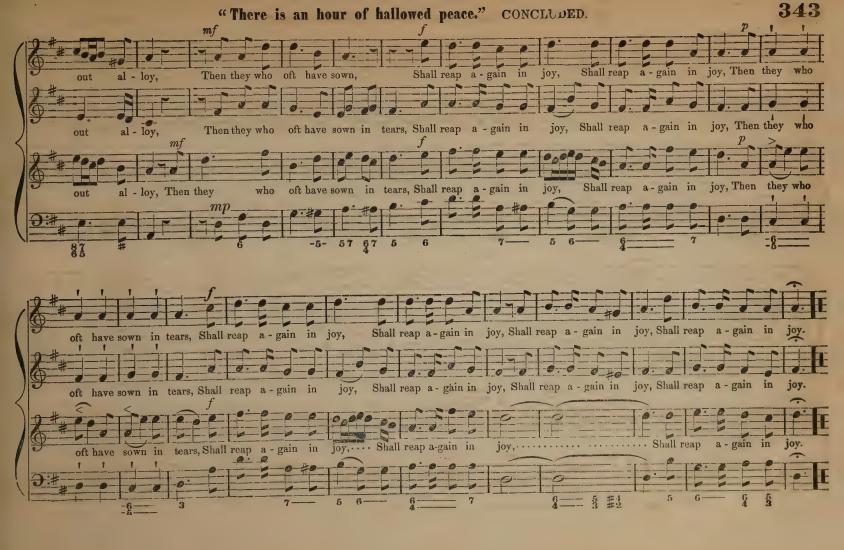


From the New York Choralist, by permission.

-5- 57 65

And bliss,

and bliss

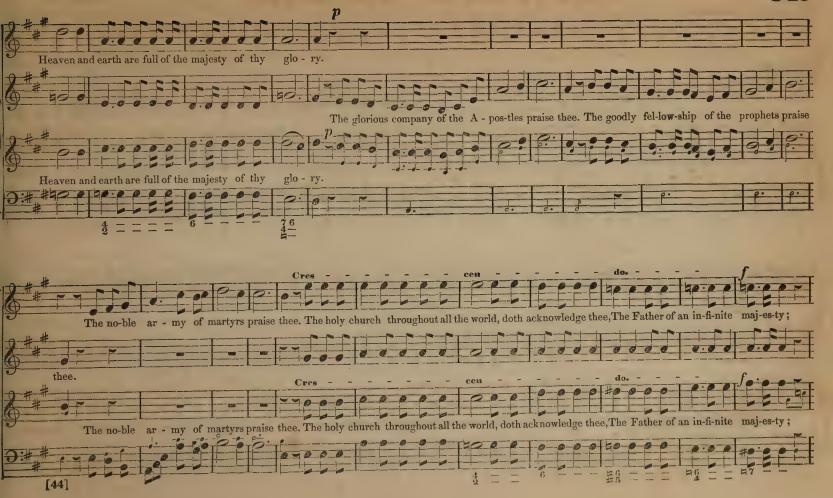




cry aloud; the heavens and all the powers therein. To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sabaoth.

p
mp
Cres.

p
mp
Cre

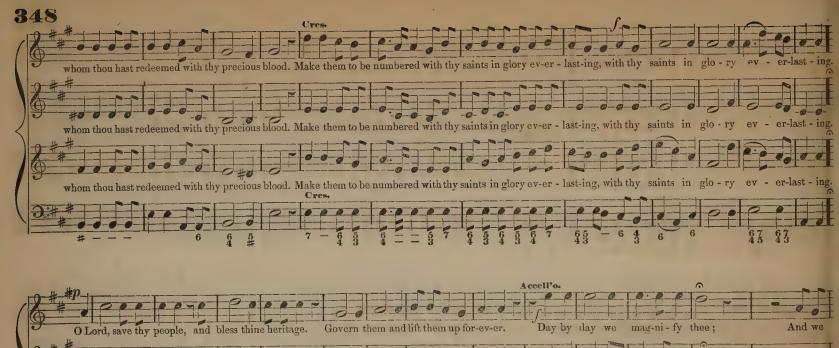


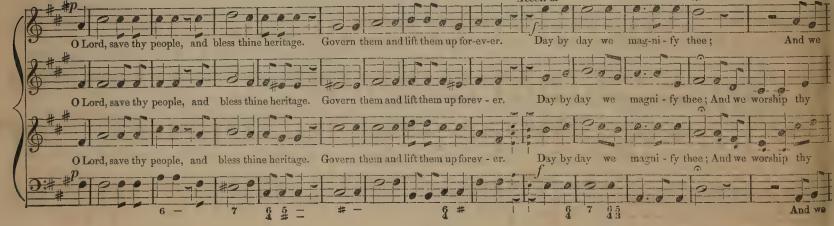


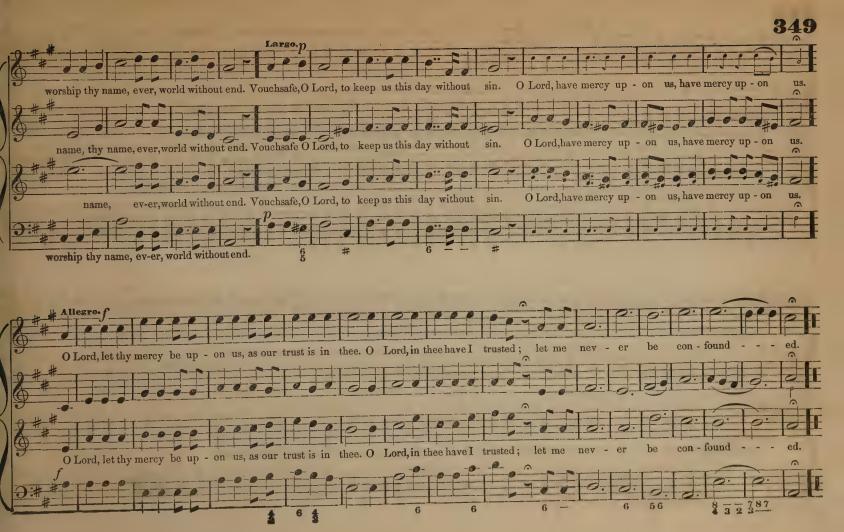




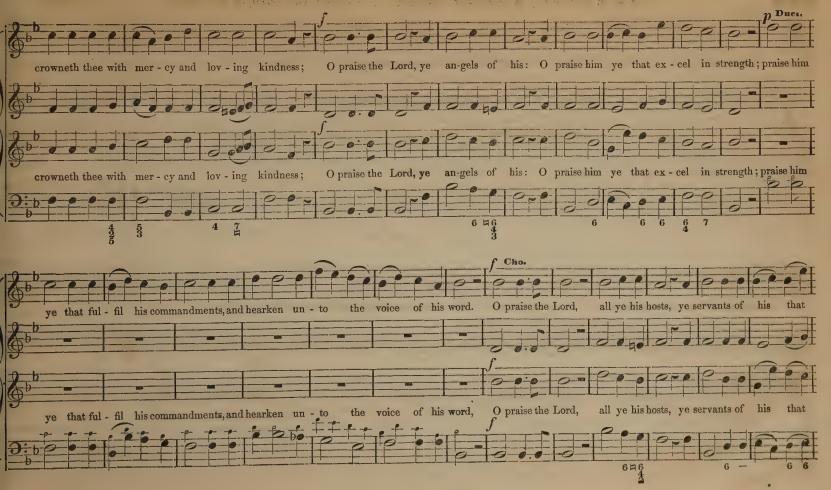
















VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO. Ps. 95.

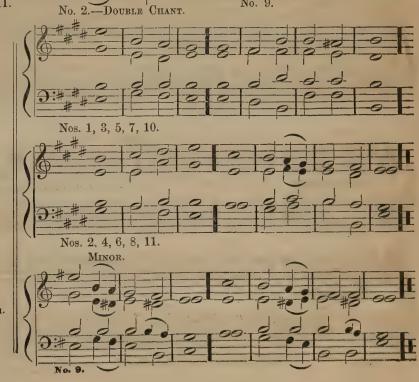
Before the Portion of Psalms.

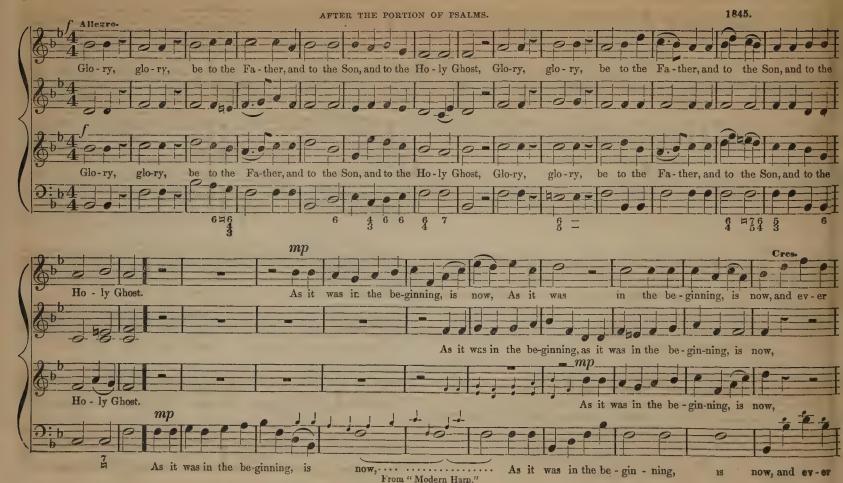
- 1 O come let us | sing .. unto the | Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his | presence .. with thanks- | giving, And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great | God; And a great | king a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hand are all the | corners .. of the | earth;
 And the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
- 5 The sea is | his .. and he | made it;
 And his hands pre- | pared .. the | dry— | land.
- 6 O come, let us | worship and fall | down; And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God; And we are the people of his | pasture .. and the | sheep of .. his | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord, in the | beauty .. of | holiness; Let the whole | earth .. stand in | awe of | him.
- 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;
 And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
 10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,

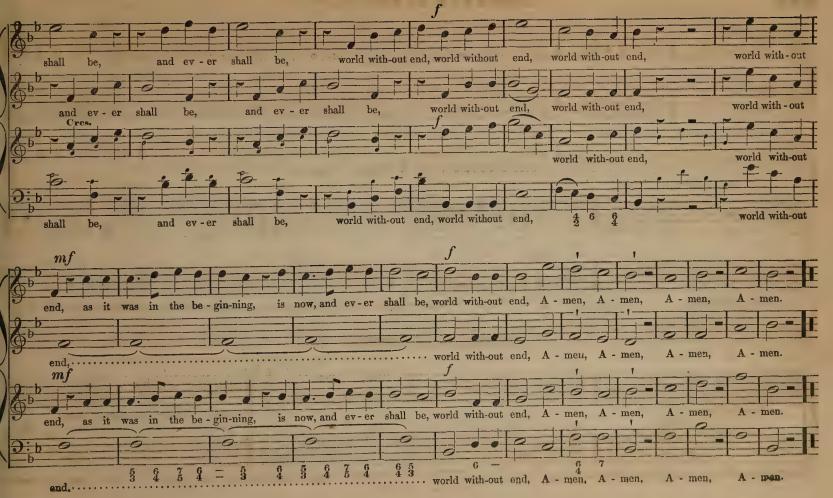
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

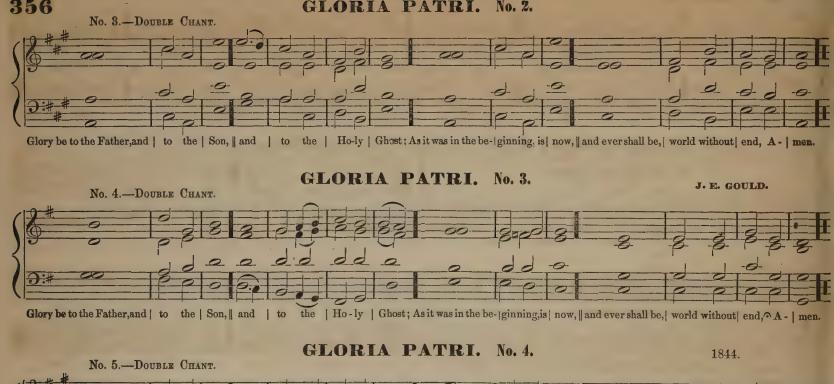
11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever .. shall | be, World without | end A- | men, A- | men.

[45]

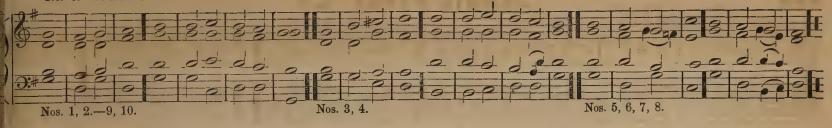








the | Ho-ly | Ghost; As it was in the be-|ginning,is| now, || and ever shall be, | world without | end, A - men. Glory be to the Father, and to the | Son, | and



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

After the portion of Psalms.

1 Glory be to | God on | high, And on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.

2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, We glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, God the | Father | All- | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten Son; Jesus | Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son— | of the | Father:

5 That takest away the | sins .. of the | world, Have mercy up- | on -- | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, Have mercy up- | on- | us.

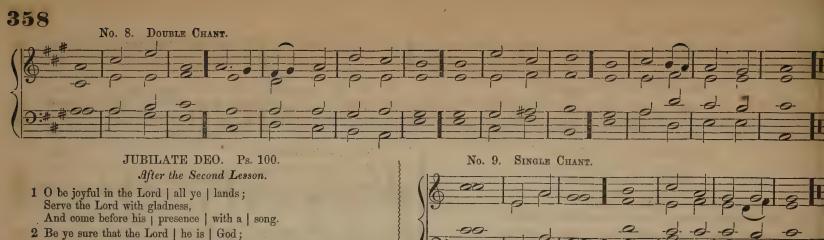
7 Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, Re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, Have mercy up | on- | us.

9 For thou | only .. art | holy; Thou | only | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost,
Art most high in the | glory .. of | God the | Father.





It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: We are his | people..and the | sheep..of his | pasture.

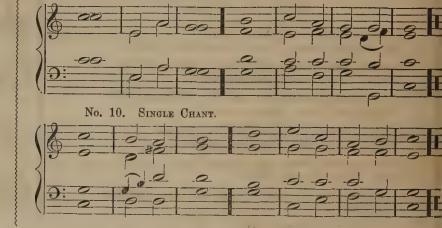
3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, And into his | courts with | praise;

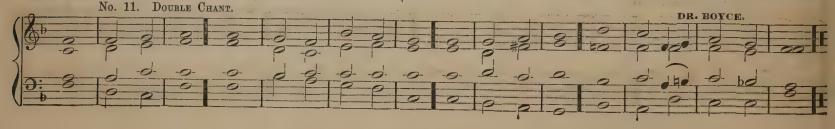
Be thankful unto him and | speak good | of his | name.

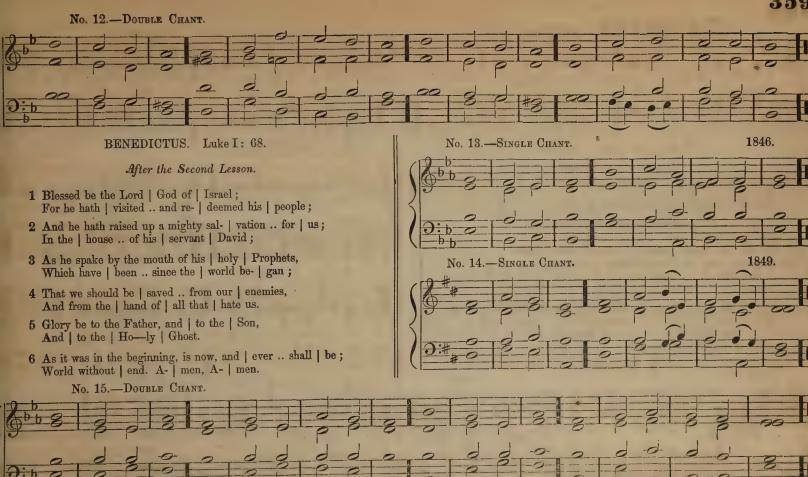
4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting; And his truth endureth from gene- | ration..to | gene- | ration.

5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, And | to the | Holy | Ghost.

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever..shall | be: World without | end. A- | men, A- | men.



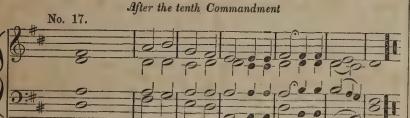




COMMUNION SERVICE.

KYRIE ELEISON.









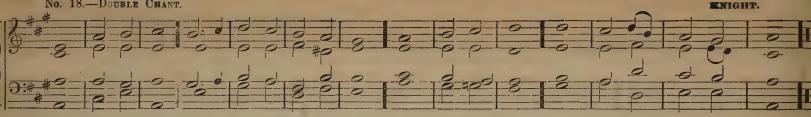
As it is the custom in some congregations to have "Amen" sung by the choir after the Benediction, the Editor has introduced the following for that purpose.







No. 18.—DOUBLE CHANT.



EVENING PRAYER.

CANTATE DOMINO. Ps. 98. After the First Lesson.

1 O sing unto the | Lord a .. new | song; For he hath | done | marvel .. lous | things.

2 With his own right hand and with his | holy | arm, Hath he | gotten .. him- | self the | Victory.

3 The Lord hath declared | his sal- | vation; His righteousness hath he openly | showed .. in the | sight.. of the | heathen

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel; And all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord | all ye | lands: Sing, re- | joice, and | give- | thanks.

6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp; Sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks- | giving.

7 With trumpets | also .. and shawms; O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is; The round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

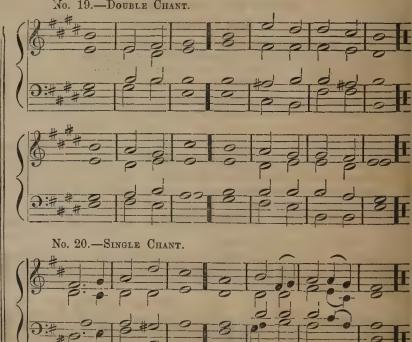
9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together, be- | fore the | Lord;

For he | cometh .. to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteousness shall he | judge the | world : And the | people | with- | equity.

GLORIA PATRI- .

No. 19.—Double Chant.







BONUM EST CONFITERI. Ps. 92.

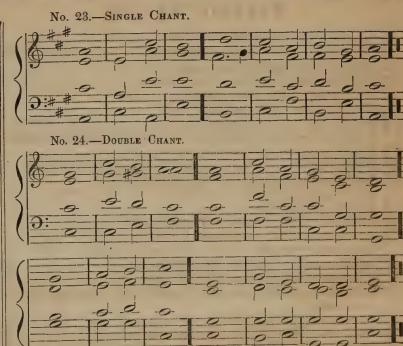
After the First Lesson.

- 1 It is a good thing to give | thanks .. unto the | Lord; And to sing praises unto thy | name— | O Most | Highest.
- 2 To tell of thy loving kindness | early .. in the | morning; And of thy | truth .. in the | night— | season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute; Upon a loud | instrument .. and up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For thou, Lord, hast made me | glad .. through thy | works;
 And I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | ration | of thy | hands.

GLORIA PATRI.

- 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, And | to the | Holy | Ghost.
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever..shall | be; World without | end. A- | men, A- | men.









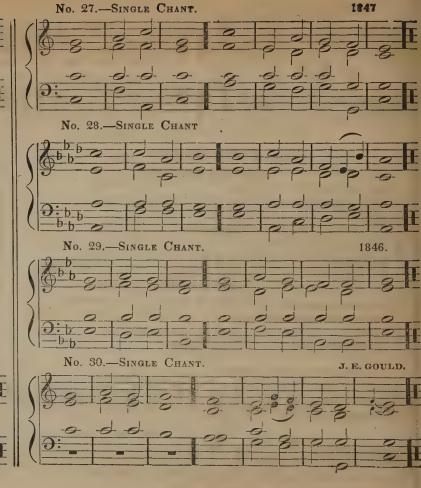
DEUS MISEREATUR. Ps. 67.

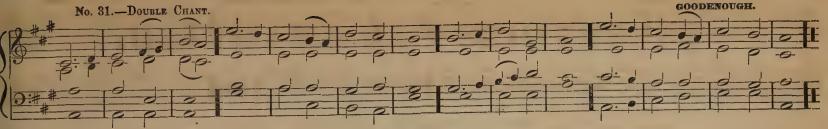
After the Second Lesson.

- 1 God be merciful unto | us and | bless us; And show us the light of his countenance, and be- | merci.. ful | unto | us.
- 2 That thy way may be | known up.. on | earth; Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people | praise thee .. O | God, Yea, let | all the .. people | praise — | thee.
- 4 O let the nations re- | joice and .. be | glad; [on | earth. For thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | na .. tions up- |
- 5 Let the people | praise thee .. O | God; Yea, let | all the .. people | praise— | thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; And God, even our | own .. God shall | give us .. his | blessing.
- 7 God shall | bless— | us;
 And all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him.

GLORIA PATRI.







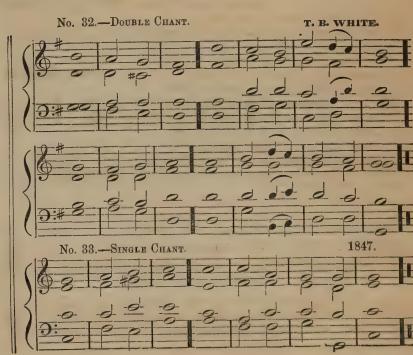
BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA. Ps. 103.

After the Second Lesson.

- 1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul; And all that is within me | praise his | holy | name.
- 2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul; And for- | get not | all his | benefits.
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin; And healeth | all— | thine in- | firmities.
- 4 Who saveth thy | life .. from des- | truction;
 And crowneth thee with | mercy .. and | loving | kindness.
- 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength;
 Ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice— | of his |
 word.
- 6 O praise the Lord | all .. ye his | hosts; Ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
- 7 O speak | good .. of the | Lord; All ye works of his, in all | pla .. ces of | his do- | minion.
- 8 Praise | thou the | Lord; Praise thou the | Lord— | O my | soul.

GLORIA PATRI.

- 9 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son; And | to the | Holy | Ghost.
- 10 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever .. shall | be; Weeld without | end. A- | men, A- | men.

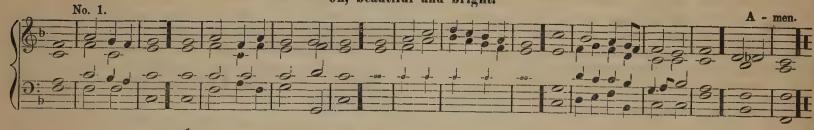


SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY J. EDGAR GOULD.

"Oh, beautiful and bright."



I

Oh, beautiful and bright that world must be,

Where life is but the | doing of..God's | will!

Could we on earth as perfectly fulfil

His holy law, we, | also, | should be | free!

For angels are not happier than are we,

When in our hearts we | take our | Father's | name,

And with a resolute and steady aim,

Make all our deeds with | His high | will a- | gree.

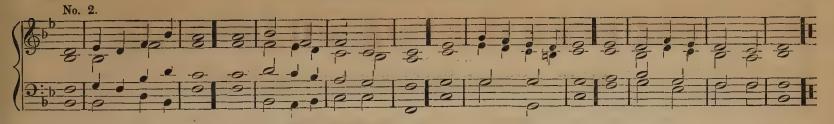
Father! we love our land of human birth,

Which thou to us for a brief | home hast | given; We love this beautiful and fair young earth,

And fain would make it | like our | home in | Heaven. Oh! one thing more we | truly | need—but | one;

That here, as in you heaven, THY | HOLY | WILL BE | DONE!

| A- | men!



1

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,

Thou youthful wanderer in a | flowery | maze;

Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,

And joy's pure sunbeams | tremble | in thy | ways;

Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,

Waken rich feelings in the | careless | breast,

While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,

Come—and secure the | never- | ending | rest!

2

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,

And thy free buoyancy of | soul be | flown;

Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover

Will to the em- | braces..of the | world have | gone;

Those who now love thee, will have passed forever,

Their looks of kindness will be | lost to | thee;

Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,

As thy sick heart broods | over | years to | be!

3

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,

Ere the dim phantoms thou art | chasing | die;

Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,

Fades, like the | crimson..from a | sun-set | sky;

Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,

Which lights the future with a | fadeless | ray;

O, touch the sceptre!—win a hope in Heaven:

Come, turn thy | spirit..from the | world a- | way!

4

Then will the crosses of this brief existence,

Seem airy nothings to thine | ardent | soul;

And, shining brightly in the forward distance,

Will of thy patient | race ap- | pear the | goal.

Home of the weary!—where, in peace reposing,

The spirit lingers in un- | clouded | bliss;

Though o'er its dust the curtain'd grave is closing.

Who would not early | choose a | lot like | this?

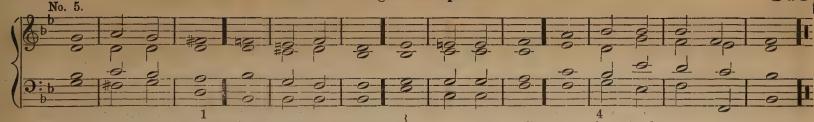




He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower, Alike they're | needful..to the | flower; And joys and tears alike are sent, To give the | soul fit | nourishment. As comes to me, or | cloud or | sun, Father! thy | will, not | mine, be | done.

Can loving children e'er reprove, With murmurs, whom they | trust and | love? Creator, I would ever be A trusting, loving | child to | thee; As comes to me, or | cloud or | sun, Father! thy | will, not | mine, be | done.

Oh! ne'er will I at life repine,— Enough that thou hast | made it | mine. Where falls the shadow cold of death, I vet will sing with | parting | breath, As comes to me, or | shade or | sun, Father! thy | will, not | mine, be | done. Blest is the hour when cares depart, And earthly | scenes are | far,-When tears of woe forget to start, And gently dawns upon the heart, Devotion's | holy | star. Blest is the place where angels bend To hear our | worship | rise, Where kindred thoughts their musings blend, And all the soul's affections tend Beyond the | veiling | skies. Blest are the hallowed yows that bind Man to his | work of | love-Bind him to cheer the humble mind, Console the weeping, lead the blind, And guide to | joys a- | bove Sweet shall the song of glory swell, Spirit di- | vine, to | thee, When they whose work is finished well, In thy own courts of rest shall dwell, | Blest. through e- i termity. No. 4. - men.



He slept—and round the plunging bark,
The billows | boom'd and | roared,
While from the night-clouds wild and dark,
The storm re- | lentless | pour'd.
He slept: and round his hallow'd head,
The undying | glory | play'd—
And pale and peaceful as the dead,
That | brow of | wonder | laid!

Pale as some marble brow it seem'd,
Translucent | with com- | mand!
As through the glooming storm it beam'd,
Amid that | lowly | band.
He slept | the Saviour of the world,
Beneath the | fisher's | sail,
While on the rattling tempest hurl'd,
His | followers | round him | wail.

Cowering they gaze upon the main,
In | terror..on the | sky;
Till faith is turned to fear again,
And Hope stands | plumed to | fly!
Trembling, they kneel around the Lord,
In wildering | ag—o- | ny,
And send one desolate glance abroad,
| Over that | lashing | sea.

They call on Jesus from the deep
Of their ex- | tremest | woe—
They break—they burst the bands of sleep—
Why should he | slumber | so!
They rouse him with a wild delight—
Thus breaks the | fearful | spell;
"Save us—O Lord of life and light—
| Save— | us—Im- | manuel!"

The man of sorrows hears their cries,
And round his | stately | form,
While still new kindling glories rise,
He thus com- | mands the | storm:
"Peace | peace, be still"—and lo! the waves
Sunk all their | battle | noise,
Stand still above their ocean graves,
At | that im- | mortal | voice.

That lifted head—that radiant eye—
How | powerful..and how | bright!

Commanding all that sea and sky,
In their un- | rival'd | might!

Just Jesus!—o'er my troubled heart,
Thus let thy | mandate | roll,
And thus bid frowning storms depart—
The | billows | of my | soul.

[47]

No. 6.

Not | watch with | me? Oh! many an hour when | thou wert | sleeping, With a sad, sad heart, | cheerless and | weeping, I've | watch'd o'er | thee!

Not watch with me?

Peter! thou erst upon the | deep wert | sailing. Danger was near! re- | member'st..not thy | wailing? I | still'd the | sea!

Watch but one hour!

Canst thou not feel for this lone | heart's com- | motion? Thou who so oft hath pledg'd thy | warm de- | votion. Watch | 'neath this | bower.

What! sleeping still?

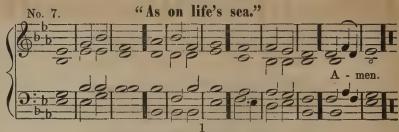
Sleep on and rest! ye cannot | know my | anguish. For thee, I soon upon the | cross must | languish, My | heart's blood | spill!

Christian! 'tis past!

Watch but one hour—thy | passions..all re- | straming, E'en this that witnesseth thy | heart's com- | plaining, May | be thy | last!

Watch! mortal, watch!

Soon thy short hour for | watching..will have | pass'd thee, In his dread presence soon it | may be | asked thee, Could'st | thou not | watch?



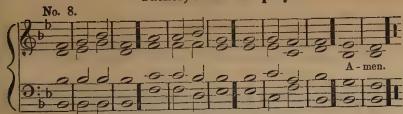
As on life's sea, our fragile bark, With winds and | waves con- | tending, Still onward to its | destined | mark, Its way is | swiftly | wending.

Let hope with smiling brow advance To light the | path be- | fore us, And throw around a | genial | glance, A radiance | shedding | o'er us.

With meek religion at our helm, Hor rightful | place main- | taining, No grant surge shall | over- | whelm, Our bark her | haven | gaining.

But safely shall we glide adown Life's darkly | rolling | river: And for the joys our | days that | crown, We'll bless the | glorious | Giver.

[•] First verse alone begins with small notes: all end with them.



1 { Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Thou who art Pity where | sorrow..pre- | vaileth, Thou who art Safety when mortal help faileth, Strength to the feeble, and | Hope..to de- | spair. Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

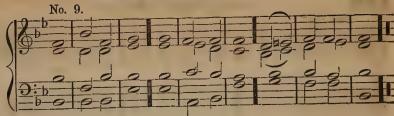
4 { Hear thou the poor that cry! Feed thou the hungry, and | lighten..their | sorrow; Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow; They are thy children, their | trust..is on | high; Hear thou the | poor that | cry!

5 Dry thou the mourner's tear!
Heal thou the wounds of | time..hallowed af- | fection,
Grant to the widow and orphan protection,
Be in their trouble a | friend..ever | near.
Dry thou the | mourner's | tear!

6 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Long hath thy goodness our | footsteps..at- | tended;
Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended;
When at thy summons for | death..we pre- | pare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer.

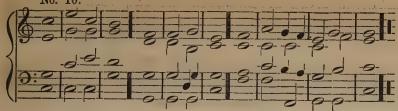
To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks, and earth in her Maker's | smile a- | wakes:
His light is on all below and above.—The light of gladness, and | life, and | love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air, Send upward the incense of | grateful | prayer.

To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone, And the gathering darkness of | night comes | on: Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows, To shade the couch where his |children..re-| pose | Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright, And give your last thoughts to the | Guardian of | night.

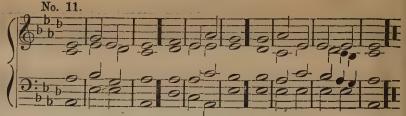


- 1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
 Our humble prayer ascends, O | Fa.ther, | hear it;
 Borne on the trembling wings of | fear..and | meekness;
 For- | give..its | weakness.
- 2 We know—we feel how mean, and how unworthy
 The lowly sacrifice we | pour.be | fore thee;—
 What can we offer thee,—O | thou.most | holy!
 But | sin.and | felly?
- 8 Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
 Cold in our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest;
 Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our | lips re- | peat them—
 Our | hearts for- | get them.
- 4 We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us:—
 We hear thy voice—it | counsels,..and it | courts us;—
 And then we turn away!—yet | still.thy | kindness
 For- | gives.cour | blindness.
- 5 Who can resist thy gentle call,—appealing
 To every generous thought, and | grateful | feeling!—
 O, who can hear the accents | of..thy | mercy,
 And | nev..er | love thee?
- 6 Kind Benefactor!—plant within this bosom
 The | seeds..of | holiness,—|| and let them blossom
 In fragrance,—and in beauty | bright..and | vernal,—
 And | spring..e- | ternal.
- 7 Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
 Where angels walk—and | seraphs.are the | wardens;—
 Where every flower,—brought safe through | death's..dark | portal,
 Be- | comes..im- | mortal.





- 1 Lord! thou art He whose arm of might, First hung with worlds, this | arch of | night; Thine is the sacred vesper hour, Thine the fresh turf, and | closing | flower; These ancient woods, that twilight sea, Those meads and | mountains | speak of | Thee.
- 2 Thine are the dews, which fall unseen,
 On forest glade and | village | green;
 Thine is the pure and playful gale
 That warbles in the | fragrant | vale;
 Above, below, thy glories shine,
 Strength, wisdom, | goodness, | Lord! are | thine.
- 3 King of the broad and radiant skies,
 Bless thou my song and | sac—ri- | fice;
 Breathe o'er my soul, this tranquil even,
 Unearthly peace and | dreams of | Heaven,
 Sweet dreams to cheer me press'd again,
 By the wild | war of | wrongful | men.
- 4 And when those years to come shall throw
 Their chillness o'er my | bosom's | glow,
 Serene as that unclouded ray,
 Which lights the mountains | far a- | way,
 Let me withdraw from earth, to be
 Redeem'd and | blest, O | God! with | Thee.



1 When burdened is my breast,
When friendless | seems my | lot,
When earth affords no rest,
And refuge | I have | not;
Father! if thou wilt suffer me,
I will a- | rise and | come to | thee.

2 When conscience thunders loud,
When sins in | dread ar- | ray,
Upon my memory crowd.
And fill me | with dis- | may;
E'en then, there yet is hope for me,
Father! I'll | rise and | come to | thee.

3 When I have wandered far
Along the | downward | road,
And mountains seem to bar
My turning | back to | God;
Yet glancing once on Calvary,
Father! I'll | rise and | come to | thee.
4 And if I am a child.

But have back- | slidden | still,
And filled with projects wild,
Have followed | my own | will;
Yet, penitent, resolved I'll be,
Father! to | rise and | come to | thee.
5 And when my cheek turns pale,

And when my cheek turns pale,
And when I | sink in | death,
Though heart and flesh may fail,
With my ex- | piring | breath
I'll whisper, Jesus died for me:
Father! I | rise and | come to | thee.





1 If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,

That could travel the | wide world | through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them | to be | true.
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Where-ever a human | heart might | be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the | right—in | blame..of the | wrong.

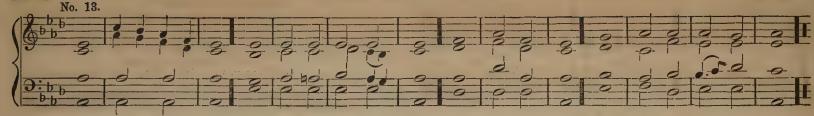
2 If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the | wings..of the | air:
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them | from de- | spair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy | sunlight | down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And | teach them..to look | up a- | gain.

3 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
 I would fly the | earth a- | round:
And where-ever man to his idols bow'd,
 I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The Gospel's | joyful | sound.
 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my | world-wide | way,
 Bidding the saddened earth rejoice—
If I were a | voice—an im- | mortal | voice.

Hyms for all nations.

I Glorious God! on thee we call,
Father, Friend, and | Judge of | all;
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,
Homage to Thy | throne we | bring!
In the wonders all around,
Ever is thy | Spirit | found,
And of each good thing we see,
All the | good is | born of | Thee!

- 2 Thine the bounteous skill that lurks
 Everwhere in | Nature's | works—
 Thine is Art, with all its worth,
 Thine each | masterpiece..on | earth!
 Yea, and foremost in the van
 Springs from Thee | the mind of | Man;
 On its light, for this is Thine,
 Shed a- | broad the | love di- | vine!
- 3 Lo! our God! Thy children here
 From all realms are | gathered | near,
 Wisely gathered, gathering still,
 For "peace on earth, tow'rds | men good | will!"
 May we, with fraternal mind,
 Bless our | Brothers..of man- | kind!
 May we, through redeeming love,
 Be the | blest of | God a- | bove!



'Mid life's tumultuous din,
When friends are few, and early | loved ones | flown,
The all-pervading voice of God within,
Tells us that we on | earth are | not a- | lone.
The rover of the sea,

Far, far from home, and all pa- | rental | care,
With blest assurance, Lond, may come to THEE,
And find a | friend, for | thou art | everywhere.

2

Thou art unclouded light!
Though erring nature oft self- | willed has | been,
And groped its way through dark chaotic night,
Yet all have hailed the E- | TERNAL | GOD SU- | PREME.
Yes; "Hallowed is Thy name!"

At Mecca's shrine, where the lone | pilgrim | strays,
The Moslem, prostrate with pure worship's flame,
Bows to the ONE GREAT | GOD,— | ANCIENT..OF | DAYS.

3

Revered Jerusalem!
Though priest and prophet walk thy | streets no | more,
Jehovah's might directs thy fate, as when
The bright-faced angels | talked with | men of | yore:

Thou'rr where the tuneful reeds
Blend with the music of the | sounding | shore;
Thou'rt where the hermit counts his sacred beads,
And rears the cross on | Alpine | summits | hoar.

4

The unlettered Indian sees
Thy beauty in each tinted | flower that | blows,
In each green leaf that rustles to the breeze,
And in the glassy | streamlet | as it | flows.
Thom'rt where the giddy throng—

Where the lone mourner sits in | weeds of | care—
'Mid festal bowers, lit up by jest and song—
And where the good man's | voice is | heard in | prayer.

5

When sorrows, gathering near,
Rise like the tempest to o'er- | whelm the | soul,
The still small voice comes to our listening ear,
Saying, "Peace, be still," | thou'rt under | God's con- | trol.
When dire disease doth press

When dire disease doth press
Its pallid hue upon the | sufferer's | cheek,
Father, Thy gracious spirit deigns to bless
The midnight | watcher..and to | raise the | weak.

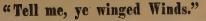
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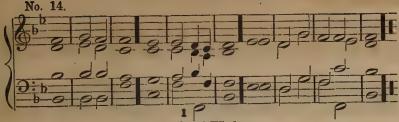
When life's last hope has flown,
And thoughts of death burn deep with- | in the | soul,
Father, Oh Father, this is all Thine own,
To light the gloom where | death's dark | billows | roll.
E'er since creation's birth,

The same unaltered being | Thou hast | been; The starry heavens above, the boundless earth, Is one great | audience room. Where | Thou art | seen.

"The turf shall be."

- 1 The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
 My temple, Lord, that | arch of | thine;
 My censer's breath, the mountain airs;
 And silent | thoughts my | constant | prayers.
 My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward | to their | caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 E'en more than | music, | breathes of | thee.
- 2 There's nothing bright above, below,—From flowers that bloom to | stars that | glow, But in its light my soul can see
 Some | feature | of the | Deity.
 There's nothing dark below, above,
 But in its gloom I | trace thy | love,
 And meekly wait that moment, when
 Thy touch shall | turn all | bright a- | gam.





Tell me, ye winged Winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals | weep no | more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary | soul may | rest?
loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for | pity,..as it | answered, | "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty Deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favor'd spot,
Some | island..far a- | way,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lies,

And friendship | never | dies?

The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,

Stopped for awhile, and | sighed to | answer | "No!"

And thou, serenest Moon,
That with such holy face,
Doth look upon the earth,
Asleep in | night's em- | brace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a | happier | lot?

Behind a cloud the Moon withdrew in wo;

And a voice sweet, but | sad, re- | sponded | "No!"

Tell me, my sacred Soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place,
From sorrow, | sin, and | death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And | weariness...a | rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given, ppWav'd their bright wings, and | whisper'd, | "Yes, in | Heav'n."

"Thou Maker."

1

Thou maker of my vital frame,
Unveil thy face, pro- | nounce thy | name;
Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast form'd, thy | language | hear;
Divide, ye clouds, and let me see
The Power that | gives me | leave to | be.

Where is thy residence? Oh! why
Dost thou avoid my | searching | eye?
Mysterious Being! Great Unknown,
Say, do the clouds con- | ceal thy | throne?
Or art thou all diffused abroad,
Through boundless | space, a | present | God?

Is there not some delightful art
To feel thy | presence..at my | heart?

ppTo hear thy whispers, soft and kind,
In holy | silence..of the | mind?—
Then rest my thoughts; no longer roam
In quest of | joy—for | heaven's at | home!



There is a time we know not when,
A point we | know not | where,
That marks the destiny of man,
To | glory..or de- | spair.
There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses | every | path;
The hidden boundary between
God's | patience | and his | wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,

To die as | if by | stealth;

It does not quench the beaming eye,

Or pale the | glow of | health.

The conscience may be still at ease,

The spirits | light and | gay;

That which is pleasing, still may please,

And | care be | thrust a- | way.

But on the forehead God has set,
In- | delibly, a | mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and | in the | dark.
And yet the doom'd man's path below,
Like Eden, | may have | bloom'd;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or | feel that | he is | doom'd.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every | fear is | calm'd;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only | doom'd, but | damn'd.
O where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our | path is | cross'd;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn.
That | he who | goes is | lost?

How far may we go on in sin?

How long will | God for- | bear?

Where does hope end? and where begin

The | confines...of de- | spair?

An answer from the skies is sent:

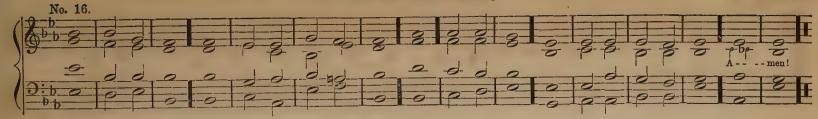
Ye that from | God de- | part!

While it is call'd to-day, repent!

And | harden | not your | heart.

"Hours there are."

- 1 Hours there are in | earthly | life, When the spirit | lost in | strife, Will again to | us be | giv'n, When through | silent | tears we've | striv'n.
- 2 As the violets | rise a- | new, From the balmy | weight of | dew, So our inward | life re- | turns, When the | heart no | longer | mourns.
- 3 How the burden'd | heart will | cheer, When is shed the | last sad | tear, When in heav'n our | home we | find Ever- | lasting | peace of | mind.



1

Oh! sacred star of evening, tell
In what unseen ce- | lestial | sphere,
The spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to | rest in | sadness | here;
Roam they the crystal field of light,
O'er paths by feet of | angels | trod,
Their robes with heavenly splendor bright
Their home—the | par—a- | dise of | God?

2

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst the radiant | orbs sub- | lime?
When life's illusive scene is o'er,
And all the | griefs of | changeful | time?
And canst thou join the blissful choir,
Through heaven's high dome the | song to | raise;
When seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In | ever-during | notes of | praise.

3

Oh who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er life's e- | ventful | sea,
If doom'd to hail, its perils past,
The | bright— | wave..of E- | ternity;
And who would not the sorrows bear,
Of such a fleeting | world as | this,
When faith displays beyond its care,
So bright an | entrance | into | bliss.

[48]

A-MEN!

SELECTION 1.

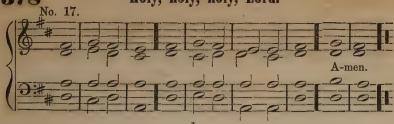
"God is our refuge."

God is our refuge and strength, A very present | help in | trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, And though the mountains be carried into the | midst- | of the | sea. Though the waters thereof | roar.and be | troubled. Though the mountains | shake..with the | swelling..there- | of. There is a river, the streams whereof Shall make glad the | city..of | God; The holy place of the tabernacle of the | Most - | --- | High. God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved. God shall help her, and | that- | right- | early. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; He uttered his voice, the | earth- | melted. The Lord of bosts is with us: The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge. Come behold the work of the Lord, What desolations he hath | made..in the | earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; 12 \ He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder: (He burneth the | chariot | in the | fire. 13 Be still, and know that | I am | God. I will be exalted among the heathen, And will be ex- | alted | in the | earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; The God of Jacob | is our | refuge. The Lord of hosts is with us; The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.



"Holy, holy, holy, Lora."

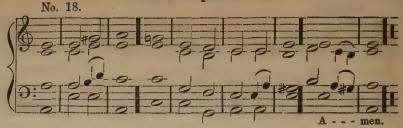
"He is despised."



Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into | glorious | birth;
All thy works around thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, | holy, | holy | Lord!

Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit!—We
Dust and ashes, | would a- | dore.
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, | holy, | holy | Lord!

Holy, holy, holy!—All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransom'd nations fall
At the | footstool..of their | King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, | holy, | holy | Lord!



SELECTION 2.

1

He is despised and re- | jected. of | men; A man of | sorrows,..and ac- | quainted..with | grief:

And we hid as it were our | faces | from him: He was despised, and | we es- | teemed him | not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and | carried..our | sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten..of | God,..and af- | flicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was | bruised for..our in- | iquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his | stripes—
| we are | healed.

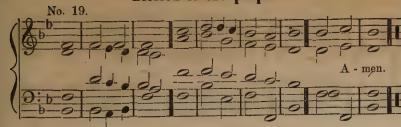
All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his | own— | way:

And the Lord hath laid on | him..the in- | iquity..of us | all.

A-men.

"Father, who in."

- 1 Father, who in the olive shade, when the dark | hour came | on, Didst, with a breath of heavenly | aid,— | strengthen..thy | Son,—
- 2 O, by the anguish of that night, send us down | blest re- | lief; Go, to the chastened, let thy | might— | hallow..this | grief.
- 3 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all that e'er have | mourned..the | chief, Blest Saviour, if the stroke must | fall— | hallow..this | grief.



SELECTION 3.

1 Slessed is the people that know the joyful sound:
They shall walk, O Lord, in the | light.of thy | countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day:
And in thy righteousness | shall they | be ex- | alted.

2 { For thou art the glory of their strength; And in thy favor our horn shall | be ex- | alted.

For the Lord is our defence; And the Holy One of | Israel | is our | King.

SELECTION 4.

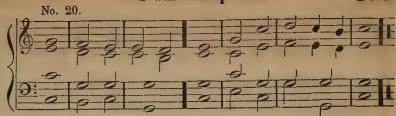
1 Selessed is the man that feareth the Lord,
That delighteth greatly in | his com- | mandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth:

The generation of the | upright | shall be | blessed.

2 { Wealth and riches shall be in his house. And his righteousness en- | dureth..for- | ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness, He is gracious, and | full of..com- | passion..and | righteousness.



SELECTION 5.

1

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, From whence | cometh..my | help.

My help cometh from the Lord, | Which made | heaven and | earth.

2

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

Behold he that keepeth Israel, | Shall not | slumber..nor | sleep.

9

The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.

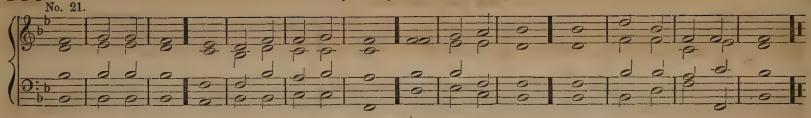
The sun shall not not smite thee by day, | Nor the | moon by | night.

4

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, From this time forth, and | even..for- | ever | more.





1

Why will ye live unblest,

Ye restless crowds in pleasure's | domes as- | sembling: And ye who labor, 'neath your burdens trembling?

Come unto me, and | I will | give you | rest.

The wild dove hath her nest,

Earth in her bosom shields the | timid | hare,

Flowers sleep 'neath heaven's azure fane: but where,

Except ye come to | me, shall | ye find | rest?

2

Ye of the troubled breast,

Weighed down with sorrow, and of | life a- | weary,

Whose paths extend through deserts waste and dreary;

Come, then, to me; | I. will im- | part re- | lief. Ye children, bright and free,

Come with your cloudless brows en- | twined with | blossoms,

Ere sin and care assail your peaceful bosoms;

Of such my kingdom is: | come— | unto | me.

2

In life's glad summer, come:

Earth's lovely things, the | beautiful, the | gay,

Are they not swept as autumn leaves away?

So pass your hopes and | visions | to the | tomb.

Though by the world caressed,

Though all its treasures | glitter..at your | feet, And life's young years with rapture be replete,

O, what are these to | heaven—a | heaven of | rest?

4

Now is the accepted hour! Behold, now is salvation's | day-spring | come:

There is no work nor knowledge in the tomb,

And thither ye are drawn by | a re- | sistless | pow'r.

The wild dove hath her nest,

Earth in her bosom shields the | timid | hare,

Flowers sleep 'neath heaven's azure fane: but where,

Except ye come to | me, shall | ye find | rest?

SELECTION 6.

1 I have seen the wicked in | great— | power, And spreading himself | like—a | green— | bay tree.

2 { But he passed away, and | lo..he was | not; Yea, I sought him, but he | could— | not be | found.

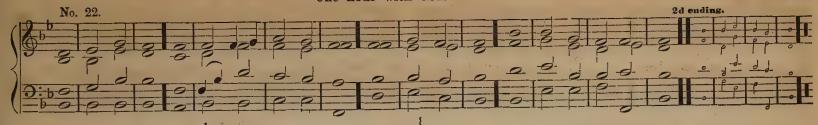
3 \ Mark the perfect man, and be- | hold the | upright; \ For the end of | that— | man is | peace.

4 Sut the transgressors shall be de- stroyed to- gether, The end of the wicked..shall be cut off.

5 { But the salvation of the righteous | is..of the | Lord: He is their | strength in | time of | trouble.

(And the Lord will help them and deliver them;

6 He will deliver them | from the | wicked, And save them, be- | cause they | trust in | him.



One hour with Thee, my God! when daylight breaks
Over a world, thy guardian | care has | kept,
When the fresh soul from soothing slumber wakes,
To praise the love that | watched me | while I | slept;
When with new strength, my blood is | bounding | free,
2D ENDING. The first, best, sweetest | hour, I'll | give to | Thee.

One hour with Thee, when busy day begins
Her never ceasing round of | bustling | care,
When I must meet with toil, and pain, and sins,
And through them | all, thy | cross must | bear;
O, then, to arm me for the | strife, to | be
Faithful to death, I'll | kneel an | hour to | Thee.

One hour with Thee, when rides the glorious sun,
High in mid heaven, and panting | nature | feels
Lifeless and overpowered, and man has done
For one short hour with | urging | life's swift | wheels;
In that deep pause, my soul from | care shall | flee,
To make that hour of | rest, one | hour with | Thee.

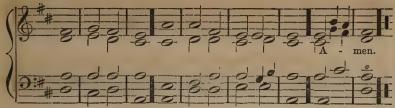
One hour with Thee, my God! when softly night
Climbs the high heaven, with solemn | step and | slow,
When thy sweet stars, unutterably bright,
Are telling forth thy | praise to | men be- | low;
DEND. O, then, while far from earth my | thoughts would | flee,
The spend in prayer, one | joyfal | hour with | Thee |

SELECTION 7.

Against thee, thee only have I sinned,
And done this evil | in thy | sight.
That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
And be | clear when | thou— | judgest.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right | spirit. with- | in me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy | Ho-ly | Spir-it | from me.

5 { Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation, And uphold me | with— | thy free | Spirit:
6 { Then will I teach trans- | gressors thy | ways; And sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.



SELECTION S.

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.
- 2{He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me In the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake,

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;

(Thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort | me.

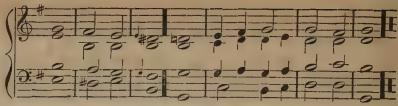
Thou preparest a table before me In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My | cup..runneth | over.

(Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

6 All the days of my life;

And I shall dwell in the | house..of the | Lord for- | ever.

No. 24.



SELECTION 9.

- 1 Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden,
- 2 { Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, { And | I will | give you | rest.
- 3 { Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; For I am meek and | lowly..in | heart:
- And ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls. For my yoke is easy, and my | burden..is | light, For my yoke is | easy, and my | burden..is | light.

Rev. xxii. 17.

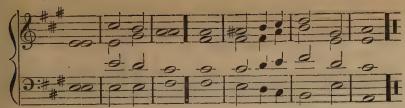
- 5 \ And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. \ And let him that | heareth..say | Come.
- 6 \(\) And let him that is athirst, Come: \(\) And whosoever will, let him take the \(\) wa..ter of \(\) life— \(\) freely.

SELECTION 10.

- 1 { As for man, his days are as grass; } As a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth:
- 2 { For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; And the place there- | of shall | know it..no | more.

3 { But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting To everlasting upon them that fear him, And his righteousness unto | chil-dren's | children;

4 { To such as keep his covenant, And to those that re- | member..his com- | mandments..to | do them.



SELECTION 11.

- 1 His foundation is in the | holy | mountains.
- 2 The Lord loveth the gates of Zion More than | all the | dwellings..of | Jacob.
- 3 Glorious things are spoken of thee, O | city..of | God.
- 4 Glorious things are spoken of | thee, O | city..of | God.
- 5 I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon To | them that | know me;
- 6 Behold, Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; This | man was | born— | there.
- 7 And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was | born in | her;
- 8 And the Highest him- | self..shall es- | tablish | her.
- 9 The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, That this man was | born— | there.
- 10 \(\) As well the sinners as the players on instruments shall be there: \(\) All my \| \) springs..are in \| \) thee.

SELECTION 12.

- 1 (I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the | house..of the | Lord.
- 2 Sour feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com- | pact to- | gether

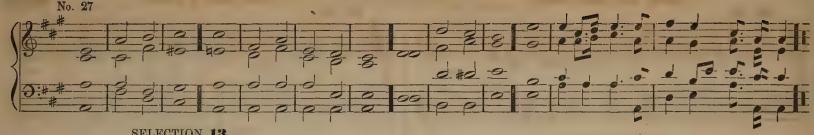
(Whither the tribes go up; the tribes of the Lord,

3 \ Unto the testimony of Israel,

(To give thanks unto the | name..of the | Lord.

4 pFor there are set thrones of judgment,
The | thrones..of the | house of | David.

- 55 pp Pray for the peace of Jerusalem,
 They shall | prosper..that | love thee.
 - 6 { p Peace be within thy walls; And pros- | peri..ty with- | in thy | palaces.
 - 7 {For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, | Peace..be with- | in thee.
 - 8 Cress Because of the house of the Lord our God,
 I will | seek, will | seek thy | good.



SELECTION 13.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering host be- | stud the | sky, One star alone, of all the train, Can fix the | sinner's | wandering | eye. ppHark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,

From every host, from | every | gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks,-It is the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode: The storm was loud, the | night was | dark, The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The wind that | toss'd my | foundering | bark : Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I ceas'd the | tide to | stem; When suddenly a star arose.—

It | was the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem.

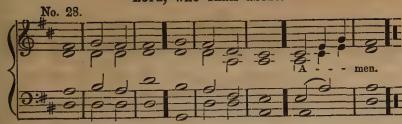
Itwas my guide, my light, my all: It made my dark fore- | bodings | cease ; And through the storm, and danger's thrall, It | led me..to the | port of | peace. Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er, I'll sing, | first..in night's | diadem, For ever and forever- | more,

The | Star! the | Star of | Bethlehem!

SELECTION 14.

Ch. No. 29.

- 1 (How beautiful upon the mountains Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that | publish-eth | peace:
- 2 (That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; That saith unto Zion, | Thy- | God - | reigneth.
- 3 (Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; With the voice together | shall they | sing:
- 4 \(\) For they shall see eye to eye, When the | Lord shall | bring a..gain | Zion.
- 5 (Break forth into joy, sing together, Ye waste | places..of Je- | rusalem!
- 6 \ For the Lord hath comforted his people, He..hath re- | deemed..Je- | rusalem!
- 7 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm In the eyes of | all the | nations;
- 8 \ And all the ends of the earth Shall see the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.



SELECTION 15.

1 \int Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy | holy | hill?

2 | He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, And speaketh the | truth..in his | heart.

(He that backbiteth not with his tongue,

3 \ Nor doeth evil to his neighbor,

Nor taketh up a reproach a- | gainst his | neighbor,

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; But he honoreth them that | fear the | Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not:

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, Nor taketh reward a- | gainst the | innocent.

6 He that doeth these things shall | never..be | moved.

A-men!

SELECTION 16.

1 For yet a little while, and the wicked | shall not | be.

2 Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, And it | shall not | be.

3 Sut the meek shall inherit the earth, And shall delight themselves in the a- | bundance..of | peace.

4 The Lord knoweth the days of the upright;
And their inheritance shall | be for- | ever[49]

A-men.

No. 29.

SELECTION 17.

1 { What shall I render unto the Lord { For all his | bene..fits | toward me?

2 { I will take the cup of salvation, And | call..upon the | name..of the | Lord.

3 { I will pay my vows unto the Lord Now, in the presence of | all his | people.

4 | Precious in the sight of the Lord | Is the | death of | his— | saints.

5 O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid; Thou hast | loosed..my | bonds.

6 | I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, And will | call..upon the | name..of the | Lord

7 { I will pay my vows unto the Lord Now, in the presence of | all his | people.

8 In the courts of the Lord's house, In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. | Praise— | ye the | Lord.

A-men.





When torn is the bosom with sorrow and care, Be it ever so simple, there's | nothing.like | prayer; It eases, and softens, subdues, yet sus- | tains, Gives vigor to hope, and puts | passion.in | chains.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When far from the friends we hold dearest, we part, What fond recollections still | cling..to the | heart; Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are | there, How hurtfully pleasing till | hallowed..by | prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms, The siren sings sweetly, or | silent..ly | charms; We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the | snare, In looking to Jesus we | conquer by | prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss, Heav'n pours its full streams thro' no | medium but | this! And till we the seraph's full ecstasy | share, Our chalice of joy must be | guarded by | prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

SELECTION 18.

Ch. No. 31, page 387.

Blessed is the man

That walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the | seat. of the | scornful;

2 { But his delight is in the law of the Lord, And in his law doth he | medi-tate | day and | night.

And he shall be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his | fruit..in his | season.

4 { His leaf also shall not wither; And whatso- | ever..he | doeth..shall | prosper.

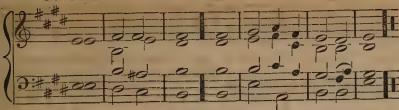
5 { The ungodly are not so; } But are like the chaff which the wind | driveth..a- | way.

6 { Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, Nor sinners in the congre- | ga-tion | of the | righteous.

7 { For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, But the way of the un- | godly..shall | perish.

8 { The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, But the | way..of th'un- | godly..shall | perish

No. 31.



SELECTION 19.

1 (Blessed are the poor in spirit:

For theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.

- Blessed are they that mourn: for | they- | shall be | comforted.
- Blessed are the meek: for they shall in- | herit the | earth.
- Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they- | shall be | filled.
- Blessed are the merciful: for they shall | obtain- | mercy.
- Blessed are the pure in heart: for | they shall | see- | God.

7 (Blessed are the peace-makers:

For they shall be called the | children of | God.

- 8 (Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake: For | theirs. is the | kingdom of | heaven.
- 9 (Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you | falsely, For | my sake.
- 10 (Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heav'n; For so persecuted they the | prophets which | were be- | fore you.

"Thus saith the Lord."

No. 32. Ending of last verse.

SELECTION 20.

- Thus saith the Lord unto them that | keep my | Sabbaths;
- 2 (And choose the things that please me, And take | hold of .. my | covenant;

Even unto them will I give in mine house,

3 \ And within my walls,

(A place and a name better than of | sons..and of | daughters:

- 4 I will give them an everlasting name, that shall | not be..cut | off
- Also the sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord,

5 \ To serve him, and to love the name of the Lord,

To | be his | servants,

6 (Every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, And taketh | hold of .. my | covenant;

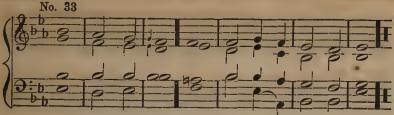
7 (Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, And make them joyful in my | house of | prayer:

Their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine

altar:

For my house shall be called a house of | prayer for | all-- | people. 2d ending.

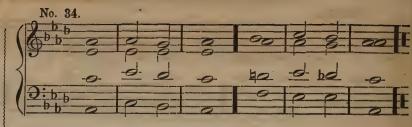




"The Lord is merciful"

SELECTION 21.

- I { The Lord is merciful and gracious, Slow to anger, and a- | bundant..in | mercy.
- 2 { He will not always chide; Neither will he | keep his | anger..for- | ever.
- 3 { He hath not dealt with us after our sins, Nor rewarded us according to | our in- | iquities.
- 4 { For as the heaven is high above the earth, So great is his mercy toward | them that | fear— | him.
- 5 As far as the east is from the west, So far hath he removed our trans- | gressions | from us.
- 6 { Like as a father pitieth his children, So the Lord pitieth | them that | fear— | him.
- 7 \{ For he knoweth our frame; \} He remembereth that \| we are \| dust.
- 8 { He knoweth our frame; He remembereth, that | we, that | we are | dust.



SELECTION 22.

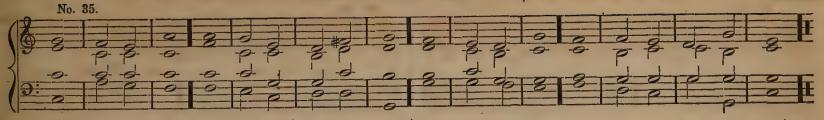
"Sing, 0 heavens."

- 1 { Sing, O heavens; and be joyful O earth; And break forth into | singing...O | mountains;
- 2 f For the Lord hath comforted his people, He will have mercy on | his af- | flicted.
- 3 { The Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort | all her | waste places,
- 4 { He will make her wilderness like Eden; And her desert like the | garden..of the | Lord.
- 5 | Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiving, and the | voice of | melody.
- 6 { Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiving, and the | voice of | melody:

"Glory be to the Father."

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now. and ever shall be, world without |
end., A- | men!



1

Boast not of to-morrow: remember, to-day

Is the time for poor mortals to | love..and o- | bey;

To-morrow the sun may illumine the dew,

But its light and its | warmth..bring not | comfort to | you.

Boast not of to-morrow; the leaf on the bough,

Is a thing not more tender and | fragile..than | thou;

Every breath that you draw, and every moment that flies,

Are mercies di- | rect..from thy | throne..in the | skies.

12

Boast not of to-morrow; the sun may go down
On a king with his sceptre and | cohorts and | crown,
But the light of the morning may find him alone,
A monarch be- | reft..of his | subjects and | throne.
Boast not of to-morrow; to-day you have health,
The smiles of affection, and | friendship..and | wealth,
But the wave of to-morrow may bear them away,
From a heart left in | sadness..to | weep..and to | pray.

2

Boast not of to-morrow; though poor you may be,
To-day has its smiles and its | comforts for | thee;
Then sigh not for riches; too often they bring,
With their sweets and their | pleasures...a | poison and | sting.
Boast not of to-morrow; remember, to-day
Is the time for poor mortals to | love..and o- | bey;
To-morrow the sun may illumine the dew,
But its light and its | warmth..bring not | comfort to | you.

"Teach me, 0 Lord."

SELECTION 23.

1 \ Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes,

And I shall keep it | unto the | end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law;
Yea, I shall ob- | serve it. with | my whole | heart.

3 | Make me to go in the path of thy commandments: | For therein do | I de- | light.

4 Incline my heart unto thy testimonies,
And | not, and | not to | covetousness.

5 | Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; | And revive thou | me in..thy | way.

6 Establish thy word unto thy servant, Who is de- | vo-ted | to thy | fear.

7 { Turn away my reproach which I fear; For thy | judgments.are | good.

8 Behold, I have longed after thy precepts: Re- | vive me | in thy | righteousness.

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